

6 Times 481

Chapter 481 What's The Deal With The Male Attraction To Breasts?

But much to his relief, the two of them had a nice meal and enjoyable conversation at the restaurant. They had a great many "nerdy" and intellectual interests in common. It was true that Christine wasn't into popular culture to the extent that Alan was, since she spent so much time with her schoolwork, martial arts practice and such, but her favorite movies and TV shows were almost exactly the same as his. The only area where they didn't find much common ground was music, since Alan loved rock and roll and Christine was more into classical.bender

They laughed, gossiped and bonded.

Alan couldn't remember the last time he'd had such a fun (not to mention delicious) meal.

The only problem Alan had was that Christine looked so gorgeous. His erection was almost continuously hard, which became a problem because the meal lasted three hours. Every now and then he would get distracted and start to lose his erection, but then he'd really look at her and find himself not only painfully aroused, but on the verge of falling in love with her all over again.

It was difficult enough that she had such an impressive and sizable chest, enticingly displayed by her stunning dress. But when he tried not to stare at all of that cleavage on display he'd find himself staring at her face and her hair, and that was just as impressive and arousing in its own way. There was no denying that she was a real head turner.

At one point, Alan said, "Okay, forgive me if I'm being nosy, but I just have to ask. Your dress is amaaaazing! So very, very sexy! But you mentioned that you borrowed it. From who? How? There must be a story there."

She blushed slightly as she explained, "Ah, you see... I have this aunt, named Kirsten. Even though she's my aunt, she's not that much older than me, so I think of her more like a cousin, or even kind of the sister I never had. Anyway, she lives in the area, and she runs her own modeling agency; she actually used to be a model herself. So she's got all kinds of clothes. To be brutally frank, I don't know a thing about fashion, so I kind of turn to her for help. This actually is one of hers."

Alan replied, "Ah. I see."

On the surface, there was nothing particularly embarrassing about that, so he didn't understand why she had blushed. He decided it wouldn't be polite to ask.

The reason Christine blushed was because that wasn't the full story. When she'd told Kirsten that she wanted some very sexy clothes, as well as advice, Kirsten was glad to help, but she'd also playfully teased Christine quite a lot. She knew Christine had never been on a date before, "practice" or not, and thus this had to be a very big deal for her. As a result, she'd asked all kinds of questions about Alan and Christine's feelings for him.

Furthermore, the truth was, Kirsten had a great many dresses. Christine had selected one of the most outrageous ones, with a scandalously low neckline, because she'd caught Alan staring at her breasts so often and wanted to please him. She was also well aware that he was involved with at least Amy and Kim, and she felt like she had to outdo the competition. Recalling her dress selection, and the way Kirsten had razed her about it, embarrassed her.

Instead of prying further about that, Alan said, "If Kirsten is your aunt, and she used to be a model, and she fits into that dress you're wearing, then she must be a total stunner! But I'm not surprised, because great beauty obviously runs in your family."

Christine's blush deepened at the obvious compliment. She turned her head and mumbled, "I don't know about that."

He asked, "If you two are close, how come I've never heard about her?"

Christine was able to recover and resume eye contact, since that put her back on solid ground. "No reason, except that she doesn't go to our school, and it seems we've always just talked about school-related stuff. To be honest, there's a lot of things about me you don't know."

"I'm sure that's true, and probably ditto with me. But that's why dinners like this are so good: we can get to know each other better, beyond all that school stuff."

Following that, they asked each other questions about their respective families and childhoods, and other matters they'd never talked much about previously, all the while keeping their mood light and fun.

They were more open and inquisitive about each other than ever before. For instance, at one point, Alan asked, "Okay, truth time. I've got a question I've been meaning to ask you since forever."

"What's that?"

He thought, What did your parents feed you growing up that put all your weight in your breasts and other curvy spots?! But instead he settled on asking something else he'd long wanted to know: "What's the story with your hair? I mean, it's pretty obvious that you dress and act to minimize attention. You certainly aren't looking for random yahoos to shout come-ons at you. But your curly locks down your front and your very long hair down back, that draws attention like nobody's business. Especially because you have such gorgeous blonde hair. Is there a story behind that?"

She replied honestly, "As a matter of fact there is, although I wouldn't call it much of a story. It's a long family tradition on my mother's side. My mother Olga has these curly locks and long straight hair in back, and her mother in Norway did, and her mother did, and so on, as far back as anyone can remember. I'm not crazy about it, to be honest, because you're right, I don't like the attention it brings me. But at the same time, I'm kind of proud to be carrying on a family tradition."

He nodded. "Ah. Cool. That's pretty neat, actually. Who knows? Maybe if you go enough generations back, there's an axe-wielding Viking berserker named Kristina rushing into battle with blonde, curly locks. Didn't Viking women fight along with the men?"

She smiled. "They did. And you know what else? Berserkers had a habit of going into battle naked to shock and intimidate their enemies." She winked playfully.

"Whoa!" He sat back with wide eyes, overcome with a vision of Christine as a nude Viking warrior. "Man. You shouldn't have said that. Now, I'm never going to think of the Vikings in the same way again." He shook himself from his reverie, and said playfully, "Hey you know all those historical re-enacter types, who reenact Civil War battles and such?"

"Yeah? Somehow, I think I know where you're going with this, but please proceed." She was smiling and having lots of fun.

"You should totally get involved with that! If you did, participation would shoot up a thousand percent!"

She chuckled. "Actually, that could be kind of fun. I'd have a plastic axe and use it to wound rather than kill, so any guy who looked at my bare breasts in a lusty manner would get thwacked to the ground! I could release years of pent-up frustration from all the leering and cat-calls I've had to endure. Right in the neck!" She pretended to swing an axe.

He sat back, as if getting out of range of her axe, and dropped his smile. "Um, on second thought, maybe that's not such a good idea." Trying to change the subject slightly, he asked, "By the way, do you feel any affinity with your Viking ancestry? Or your Norwegian background in general?"

"Nah. Not really. The Vikings were a thousand years ago, anyway. My parents do, but I've been heavily Americanized, to their regret. I don't usually read or write the language, though we do speak it at home sometimes. I've been to Norway, but it's only been for a couple of short trips to visit relatives. It didn't feel like home to me at all. This is home."

She was going to ask him about his affinity for his background, but at the last second she remembered that he was adopted and didn't know what his background was. So instead, she said, "Since we're asking questions we never felt we could ask until now, I've got one for you."

"Shoot."

"This isn't just for you, but for men in general. Although it's especially for you. What's the deal with the male attraction to breasts?!"

"What do you mean?"

"What's so fascinating about them? I know they give me a certain power over guys. I could move in a certain way that'll make a guy turn into a blithering idiot. It's a blessing and a curse. But you're basically my one male friend, and it's not something I could ask my dad. You're a self-confessed 'tit man.' What exactly is going on in your head at times like that?"

He searched his feelings, trying to give a sincere and serious answer. After a long pause, he said, "I don't know. It arouses me in a big way, but I don't know why. I wish I knew, because it's frustrating not being able to explain or control it. It must be a hard-wired, biological thing. Totally speaking out of my ass, since I've never looked into this, I'm guessing that anything that makes a woman different than a man

becomes a turn-on, and vice versa. For instance, a male hairy body can be a positive, but it's a huge turn-off to see a hairy-bodied woman. Part of it is cultural, I'd guess. I'd bet that if most women shaved their heads bald in a certain culture, that would be a huge turn-on for guys. And the more the difference is, the more arousing it is. So, big breasts are more arousing than small ones." He shrugged.

"I've never looked into the research either," she replied. "But that makes sense. But is that all there is? For instance, asses don't really look that different. If you took a photo of just a person's ass and it wasn't hairy, you'd be hard pressed to tell if it belonged to a man or a woman. But that's a turn-on too, isn't it? Or is there something extra-special about the breasts?"

"I think there is something special about the breasts that's hard-wired," he replied. "Maybe it has to do with wanting to see if the mother would be able to lactate for her babies? Could it be a sign of fertility and good health?"

"Probably. That makes sense to me."

He nodded. "But who knows for sure? Again, speaking of asses, all my ideas on this are coming straight out of mine. But also, and this is something I'm glad I can finally tell you face to face... There's one very important reason I joke with you a lot about your breasts: it's safe!"

She raised a curious eyebrow. "Meaning?"

"Meaning... there are other body parts... the vagina, for instance... that are SO taboo that, well, they're really taboo. Maybe other guys would be cruder and tease you about that, and your ass for that matter, but that's not me. That seems over the line to me. Heck, it's weird for me to even say that 'V' word to you. But breasts are relatively tame, I guess." He frowned with uncertainty. "I don't know. Maybe I'm way off. But I've long felt that, with you, I could joke about your breasts and it doesn't mean I'm a total perv. Just a partial perv."

She grinned at that. "The jury's still out. I think you're leaning towards 'total perv.'"

He grinned back, knowing she was just teasing him. "There's also the fact that they're so very prominent on you, and big breasts are overwhelmingly considered a desirable thing to have. It's like gently teasing a really tall guy about his tallness. That's all in good fun if done in the right way, but doing the same

about how short a short guy is wouldn't be nice at all." He asked anxiously, "But AM I way off? IS that something that bothers you? Geez, I should have asked you this a year ago, at least!"

She carefully considered her answer. "To be honest, when you started joking about that, way back when, it did kind of annoy me at times. But I grew to like it, and to even look forward to it. You amuse me, and it is flattering in a weird kind of way, with the way you do it. Mind you, if someone else were to joke like that with me, it would totally bug me. And I see what you mean about it being relatively safe. For instance, you've joked a thousand times about wanting to touch them, but you've never actually tried to, not even once. I trust you. And I guess that's what a lot of humor is, poking at something that's a little taboo, a little risqué, but not too much. It helps to have that slight sense of danger."

He smiled with relief. Then he joked, "Yeah, but after a while that sense of taboo or danger wears off, so one has to raise things up a notch. I propose that in the future, when I make a joke about your breasts, that I actually fondle them at the same time."

She snorted with laughter. "Yeah, right! You wish!"

He held his hands up defensively. "Mind you, it would be purely for humorous effect only. It wouldn't be like I'd enjoy that at all. I'd just be doing it... extensively... for a laugh. Very extensively. Some jokes require a loooong set up."

She laughed some more. "You're a crazy nut!" In truth, she loved this kind of banter, and she hoped it would eventually lead to more.

Chapter 482 What Else Am I Supposed To Do?

After that, their conversation grew more serious. For a while, there wasn't a lot of flirting or teasing, especially while they ate their meal.

But that changed as they finished eating the main course. Christine looked around the restaurant conspiratorially, and then leaned forward like she was going to tell him an important secret. She commented, "I wonder what people would think if they saw us here together."

"What, you mean like people at school?" When she nodded he shrugged. "I suppose the rumor mill would have a field day."

"I think it would. Especially since there's all kinds of rumors about you already."

She'd warned him of some rumors before, but still he played coy, with silly, obvious exaggeration. "Me? Little ol' me? Nobody wants to know about a nobody like me."

She smirked. "Yeah, right. Did you know there are even MORE rumors about you lately? And they're getting wilder all the time."

"Really, like what?"

"To tell the truth, there's only one new rumor, but it's quite a doozy. The word is that someone who looks very much like you was seen having sex with a completely naked blonde in the teacher's parking lot during school. Can you believe it?" She laughed heartily. "As if that isn't crazy enough, they say the girl had a long ponytail and a deep tan, just like Heather!"

Between the way Christine was leaning forward and the way she was laughing, it seemed her heavy boobs would escape her dress altogether. But Alan couldn't enjoy the view because he was so frightened by this latest 'rumor'. He realized someone must have seen him and Heather fucking in the parking lot on Friday. He'd been convinced there was no one around, but someone must have seen them anyway, if only from a considerable distance.

He was lucky that Christine apparently dismissed that rumor because she thought it was simply too outrageous. As a result, she was busy laughing instead of closely scrutinizing his face for tell-tale reactions, which he certainly was having. That gave him a few seconds to recover and join in her laughter. "Boy! You're kidding me! Me and HEATHER? Naked in a school parking lot?!"

"I know!"

As the laughter died down, he deadpanned, but in an obviously joking manner, "It's true though. The reason we did it in the parking lot is because that's where she parked her flying saucer. After we did the deed, we took off and flew to her secret moon base."

Christine laughed heartily. "Heather has a moon base?"

"Of course. She and Elvis are using it as part of their fiendish plan to-" He interrupted himself and covered his mouth with a hand. "Oh, shoot! I said too much already! I promised I wouldn't tell. Forget you heard that!"

She laughed even more. "Stop it! You're too funny!" She sat back in her chair and held her sides because she was laughing so hard.

Alan laughed along. He was feeling pretty good that he'd managed to cover up the truth with some clever joking.

In fact, even though Christine figured the rumor was probably a total fabrication, or at least a wild exaggeration, his quick, amusing comments convinced her that even if there was something to the rumor, it must have nothing to do with him. However, as she calmed down from her laughing, she said, "Okay, so maybe you're not having naked sex in the parking lot. But still, there are a lot of weird rumors about you, and if there's that much smoke there has to be some fire. Right?"

He joked, "Yeah, but it's just that Heather's UFO caught on fire, and that created a lot of the smoke."

"Very funny. But still, it's a legitimate question."

He realized he couldn't fob off her curiosity with more joking about flying saucers and moon bases, so he said, "I don't keep up with the rumors. But it's true that not long ago I was a typical nerd and completely clueless with girls. Now I'm involved with some very beautiful girls, and how often does that transition happen, especially so fast? So I'm sure people must wonder if I have magical voodoo dolls or something."

"A-HA! 'Some!' You said 'some' very beautiful girls!"

He rolled his eyes. "Christine, I already told you I'm not going steady. So there's no scandal in saying 'some,' which, by the way, includes you. After all, we're on a date of sorts tonight, aren't we?"

She blushed a little bit and averted her eyes in embarrassment.

He went on, "Besides, it so happens that it's true: I do have magical voodoo dolls." He picked up his napkin and quickly shaped it into an hourglass figure. "See? This is one of you. Do you feel this?" He began stroking the two lumps that crudely represented her big breasts.

She sighed and shot him an exasperated look. "You would touch me THERE. What's with you and boobs?"

But he just smiled and kept on stroking the napkin lumps. "Are you sure you don't feel anything?"

She decided to play along and tease him back. She opened her eyes wide with pretend surprise. Then she gasped as if she really were being groped by an invisible hand. "Alan! Stop that this instant!"

"Bwa-ha-ha-ha!" He cackled like a mad scientist. "Never!"

She raised her hands to her massive rack and covered it with her arms. "Alan, please! Don't! It's too... You're making me tingle!"

His penis went from flaccid to fully engorged in what seemed like a fraction of a second. Suddenly he felt like he really was fondling Christine's breasts, if only by proxy.

She clutched her chest tighter, causing her tit-flesh to bulge out wherever it could. The dress did very little to keep her covered. She moaned in a surprisingly erotic way as she looked around at the other people sitting at tables near them. "Oh, Alan! Please! Not here! Not in front of all these people!"

He thought, "Not here?!" If only she meant that and we could have some fun later! What I wouldn't give to take her to some private place, pull those straps off her shoulders, and... Damn! Oh, man! I'd kill just to see her naked body! But I can't think that either. I have to cool down, or I'm gonna blow a gasket!

He put the napkin back in his lap and straightened it out. "Okay, later then. But beware! With my voodoo doll powers, there's no telling what might happen!"

Christine had started out just trying to tease sexually with her pretend distress. She'd figured, correctly, that he'd love it if she touched her boobs in any way, even if seemingly to cover them up. But things had gotten so hot so fast that she felt a surge of lust rushing through her body. If it hadn't been for the table separating them, she would have immediately pulled him in close for a passionate lip-lock.

She thought, Whoa! What's up with THAT?! I'm not gonna let my passion control me. Plus, I'm probably blushing, and I'm not gonna let him get to me like that. She picked up her napkin. "Hee! Two can play this game. I have my own voodoo doll too." She quickly crumbled it into a shape, but she found that it was hard to make arms and legs with a napkin. So she gave up on that and instead made something resembling a sideways 'T' shape. She held it up. "There!"

He looked at it and laughed, because her "voodoo doll" had a penis about as long as the doll was tall. "Christine, is that your voodoo doll, or are you just happy to see me?"

Her blush deepened and she quickly put the napkin back in her lap. "That doesn't even make sense!" She was frustrated that her attempt to embarrass him with her outrageously erect voodoo doll had somehow backfired.

"No, but we're having fun, aren't we? This is great, don't you think?"

She relaxed, nodding in happy agreement.

With a lopsided grin, he asked, "Is that how you think of me? With my dick bigger than my body?"

Her blush deepened even more. "I was just... I was... I was trying to tease you about the fact that, uh, at school, you seem to be... Well, what I mean is, more often than not... Oh, never mind!"

He laughed, amused at her failed attempt to explain that she'd tried to tease him about his frequent and apparently all-too-obvious erections.

He had mercy on her and changed the topic. "You know what's funny? Before I tried to ask you out, we weren't actually that close. I was, I dunno... scared of you."

"Scared?"

"Yeah. You know, when you have a crush on someone and want to ask them out, it's scary. There was a sexual tension that was... daunting, even if it was just a one-way thing. I had to remind myself constantly just to be myself. But now the pressure's off, and that's allowed us to grow a lot closer than before. Ironically, tonight we can flirt and tease each other, but it feels completely different from how it used to be. I'm not tense and nervous around you, even when you shape your napkin into a giant phallus. We can joke in a way we never could before, and have more fun doing it, because all that 'is she into me or not' bullshit is over."

She thought, Speak for yourself! Now I know what you must have felt like then, because the pressure is off you but it's squarely on ME!

She forced herself to smile and say, "Yeah. I know what you mean."

But she thought, Dammit! The tables are turned. It's ironic. Back then, I took it for granted that he wanted to be romantic with me, and I wasn't that interested. I only became really interested after he started dating others and changed somehow. I mean, he's so much more self-confident now. He's got this sexual magnetism that makes my heart beat fast. And I'm in the exact same shoes he used to be in, wanting to get something started but not knowing how to do it. Hell, he doesn't even have a clue how my feelings have changed. This SUCKS!

They continued having a good time, talking about interesting things, laughing and joking, sometimes even lightly flirting. Alan had selected some particularly funny dumb-blonde jokes, and somehow managed to slip them into the conversation every now and then.

He was continually amazed at the fact that he was in such a fancy restaurant with such a beautiful woman. At one point, he found himself thinking, You'd think I'd be pretty used to great beauty, with the ladies running around my house. But Christine truly is extraordinary! Her face is as jaw-dropping as her body. I feel like the cock of the walk, just being here with her. And the men, including our waiter, are envious of me, I can tell.

It's such a shame that I can never allow her to be my girlfriend. But maybe it's for the best. I can barely keep up with her as a friend, intellectually and athletically. She'd be waaaay out of my league as a girlfriend.

It was only at the end of the meal, when they were waiting for the check, that things got a bit heavy. Christine reached over the table and put a hand on his and said, "Alan, before we go, I have some things I need to get off my chest."

His eyes reflexively dropped to her deep cleavage after hearing her say that and he started to gawk. However, he quickly realized what he'd done and returned his gaze to her face.

To his great relief, she burst into laughter.

He laughed along with her and relaxed. He joked, "Well, I was just checking out what it was you needed to get off your chest. I was hoping it was your top."

She replied playfully, "You wish!", then laughed some more. However, she turned serious after that and said, "I really want to apologize for the way I turned you down a while back."

"Oh, don't mention it. It's water under the bridge."

"No it isn't. I feel awful about it."

She had practiced what she was going to say to him at this point over and over. Her plan was to say, "I want to apologize for not only the way I turned you down, but the fact that I turned you down." Then she would reveal that she did have a romantic interest in him after all. She'd analyzed all kinds of possible alternatives of what he might say in response, and had potential follow-ons for each of them.

But that's not what she said. At the last second, she again chickened out and didn't finish her planned full sentence.

Both of them ended up apologizing profusely to the other. They made vows to strengthen their friendship and do more things together outside of school. But there was no hint of wanting romance.

There were a number of reasons why she chickened out, such as inexperience, but the main one was her fear of rejection. Earlier in the evening, Alan had all but said that he only thought of Christine as a friend

when he explained how he now felt at ease flirting with her, so it seemed certain to her that they were on different wavelengths.bender

Strangely enough, she also had a fear of success. If she revealed her feelings and he felt the same way, she was afraid that she'd be a failure at physical intimacy. She was the kind of person who had to be the best at whatever she did, and if she wasn't she didn't want anyone to see her doing it. The more she started to imagine him as some kind of talented Don Juan, the more she feared that somehow she wouldn't measure up.

What she wanted most of all was for Alan to realize from her outfit and her flirting that she wanted him to take charge and be her guide in learning about sex. She didn't know or understand that the recent parade of naked women in his life made her signals too tame for him to recognize. Ironically, his inexperience was such that he could not differentiate among the sexual interest signals of women with varying levels of experience and sophistication. His cleverness and ability to roll with the punches couldn't always make up for his lack of experience.

They split the bill (at Christine's insistence) and left the restaurant. The rest of their time together was pleasant but predictable.

He again kissed her goodnight on the cheek at her front door, and generally acted like a perfect gentleman.

When she got to her room she wanted to break down and cry. Instead, she changed to her gi and practiced her martial arts to blow off some steam.

As she went through her routines, practicing various entries and take-down throws, she thought, Grrr! So frustrating! What frustrates me most is that the date went TOO well! That's bad because my feelings for him keep growing stronger and stronger. Argh!

Why? Why, why, why, why, why?! Why does he have to be fooling around with Amy, Kim, and who knows how many others? It's killing me! There's no way in hell I'm going to share him. NO. WAY. Yet what else am I supposed to do? If it was just one other girl, I could compete with that, but how am I supposed to compete with a lifestyle?! How do I make myself so head and shoulders above everyone else that he comes to his senses and decides to be with just me?

Chapter 483 Welcome To The Club.

The Plummer house seemed unusually quiet after Alan left. Susan and Katherine felt sexually satiated after several days of having many orgasms, and Susan was tired out from the beach trip too. They were content to just rest, relax, and watch a movie - the old Pink Panther comedy "A Shot in the Dark" - together in the living room.

Suzanne and Amy were next door at their own house, since Alan was expected to be gone all evening, and they wanted to have a quiet and restful evening also. Suzanne watched the Humphrey Bogart classic "The African Queen," while Amy did her homework.

Brenda called Suzanne not long after she'd started watching her movie. Unfortunately for Brenda, Suzanne was away from her phone and she didn't want to be bothered until the movie was over.

Brenda was dying to talk to somebody about recent events relating to Alan. So she soon gave up on trying to reach Suzanne and called Susan, who did answer the phone. Brenda felt and sounded anxious, and wanted to meet in person sooner rather than later.

Susan wasn't doing anything important and Alan wasn't there. Plus, she remembered that Suzanne had given her the responsibility of taking the lead in turning Brenda into one of Alan's sex pets, something she couldn't oppose since she herself was responsible for Brenda knowing about the Plummer family incest. Therefore she allowed Brenda to come over for a short chat, even though she'd seen her earlier in the day after she'd caught her with Alan and Suzanne in the Pestridge backyard.

Brenda had dressed in relatively normal clothing, because Susan told her that Alan wasn't going to be there, and also because she wanted to discuss serious matters and not get hot and bothered.

Susan and Katherine were wearing "lazing around the house" clothes, since that's what they were doing. They paused the movie when Brenda arrived. Brenda would have much preferred to talk to just Susan, but Katherine was there and wanted to at least listen in for a while.

The three of them sat on sofas in the living room, drinking tea and making small talk. But after just a couple minutes of that, Brenda said, "I see that I've interrupted a movie, and I'm sorry about that. I don't want to take up a lot of your time, so I'll get straight to the point. I'm all torn up inside over what happened to me this morning, with Alan." She looked around the room as if expecting to see him pop up out of hiding at any moment. "By the way, where is he?"

Susan said proudly, "He's on a date! And not just any date either. He's with Christine Anderssen. She's a remarkable catch! You have to see her to believe her. Angel, do we have that picture of her? You know the one Tiger likes so much, from her award ceremony?"

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Katherine wasn't happy about it, but she nodded. "Yeah, I'll get it."

Susan described Christine's academic and athletic achievements in glowing terms, as well as the state of her relationship with Alan, until Katherine returned with the picture a minute or two later. She sat next to Brenda as both of them looked at it, and said, "Check her out! Look at her gorgeous face! Her trim, fit body, her blonde hair... but most of all, look at her breasts! It's true you can't see much skin - she tends to carefully cover her body, I'm told - but you can still see what she's packing. Can you believe a girl her age is that stacked?! And she's got so many other great qualities. For instance, she's all dressed up because this photo was taken at some kind of national science fair award. With any luck, Tiger has taken her to some private spot and he's fucking those tits even as we speak!"

Brenda was truly amazed, not to mention daunted, by Christine's beauty. As she gawked at the photo, she asked, "Just what is her breast size, anyway?!"

Katherine boasted, even though it was pure speculation, "38F, and growing!"

Brenda put the photo down and looked back and forth between Susan and Katherine. She said, "Katherine, I can see that you're jealous of this girl, but Susan, you're not. Why is that?"

Susan said, "Please let me answer that. It's only natural to feel jealous. More so for Katherine, since she's nearly the same age as Christine and compares herself to her more directly. I feel jealous too, but I kind of revel in the feeling, strangely enough. To me, it's further proof that my son is a naturally superior sort of man, if he's dating arguably the most desirable girl in the entire school."

Katherine groaned unhappily, "I feel that buzz of arousal too. Heck, I can't help but boast to you about her breast size. But unfortunately I worry a lot more. There's only so much of him to go around, you know." She considered, and then added to Brenda, "To be honest, I'm not exactly thrilled if you're going to be hogging time from him too."

Susan told Brenda diplomatically, "Keep in mind the situation here has been evolving rapidly. I'm sure it must seem to you that things have always been as you see them, but, as I told you, we've only just started to discover the extent of my son's sexual gift. We're all having to adjust. For whatever reason, I seem to have adjusted quickly to the notion that we're going to have to share him with many other women. There's no use in fighting it, so why not celebrate it?"

Katherine grumbled, "Easy to say, hard to do."

Brenda said, "It's interesting that you say that, because that's exactly what I wanted to discuss. I'm trying to adjust too. But this morning, I was hit... well, it felt like a crowbar smacked the side of my head! I feel absolutely pole-axed!" She looked to Katherine. "I don't know what you've been told about what happened this morn-"

Katherine cut in, "News travels fast around here. I didn't get the full lowdown, but I know that Suzanne sucked and stroked my brother's cock while he basically played with your naked body to his heart's content. And unfortunately things got rudely interrupted by Mom here, so he didn't even get to cum. Is that about right?"

Brenda was highly embarrassed that Katherine knew all that, but she tried not to show it. "Um, uh... yes, I suppose that's about right. And maybe that's become kind of normal for both of you, but I still haven't really touched his penis yet! The whole experience for me... well, it was like being struck by a bolt of lightning! I'm absolutely reeling. That's why I need to talk to somebody who knows about all this."

Susan said, "I'd rather not talk about my actions this afternoon Angel. I can't express how sorry I am, but Tiger has dealt with me and let's just leave it at that. As far as your questions Brenda, what t in particular do you want to discuss?"

Brenda flopped her arms in frustration. "I don't know! Everything! Starting with what the hell just happened with me today! Like I said, I didn't even get to touch his penis, and all he did was run his hands over me, but somehow it was the greatest sexual event of my life! No kidding! I can't even think about it without getting so hot that I can't stand it!"

She sighed heavily and tried to calm herself down. "I don't understand what's happening. Everything is up in the air. I don't even know if I'm going to really be a part of this special thing you have going, for the long term."

Susan spoke carefully. "It's true that things are still up in the air in your case. We're just starting to get to know you, for one thing. I can't predict the future. And I do admit that I have some jealousy issues, and sharing issues." She unthinkingly stared right at Brenda's larger rack as she said that.

She went on, "But, that said, I think it's safe to say that you're going to be a part of this in one way or another for a long time to come. Barring some shocking, unforeseen development, that is. It's just a matter of how frequently we'll see you, and what your exact role will be. But I'm sure things will work out for the best."

Brenda leaned back against the sofa and sighed heavily. "That's a huge relief to hear! The thing is, I have a long-buried submissive side, and it's being unleashed with so much power and emotion that it scares me! I don't want to frighten you off, but I'm feeling consumed with these... these... submissive feelings! Suzanne is encouraging me to submit to him, and, and... that sounds like the most exciting thing ever! I have this urge to pleasure his cock that's so strong, it's practically all that I can think about! What's happening to me?!"

Katherine chuckled. "Welcome to the club."

Susan just smiled and chuckled knowingly too.

Brenda looked back and forth, but mostly to Katherine. "You're... you're not mad?"

Katherine gave a dismissive look. "Nah. Now, I'm not happy. Especially because of your figure. Even cartoon bombshells aren't as curvy as you! How am I supposed to compete with that?" She waved her hands in Brenda's general direction. "But I also feel sympathy for you, because I've been there, and I'm still there."

Susan nodded. "Me too. We haven't been at this long, but I strongly doubt that hunger you're describing ever goes away. You just learn to live with it."

Brenda's eyes widened. "Are you serious?!"

Katherine and Susan nodded sagely.

Brenda asked anxiously, "But why are these feelings so strong? As I said, I haven't really DONE anything to him yet. And all he did was touch me and kiss me!"

Susan said, "True. But I'll bet he thoroughly dominated you, didn't he? He's got a special talent for that. And it's plain to see that some women react very strongly to that. No doubt that includes the three of us."

Brenda was still venting her frustration. "That may be. But my reaction is TOO strong. For instance, I never enjoyed giving a blowjob. Heck, years went by without me giving a single one to my husband. But mostly thanks to talking to you, Susan, and especially the one time you got me to practice with a dildo, my opinion has totally flipped. Now I think about it all the time! When I fantasize about Alan, I actually think more about blowing him than getting fucked by him. I can imagine it so vividly, every last little bit, that it feels like I've done it to him many times. But I still haven't so much as touched his penis! How does that make any sense?! Does that make sense to you?"

Katherine replied, "I can field that one. I'm no psychologist, but it seems to me that it's not the physical act of the blowjob that excites you so much; it's the submission! It's the stripping down for him to get him hard. It's the dropping to your knees while he towers high above you, tall and strong. It's wearing high heels. It's having to do all the work while he just kicks back and enjoys himself. Having your face or breasts painted by cum. I could go on and on, but my point is, it's a blatantly submissive sex act. Whereas fucking, that's more of a mutually pleasurable thing. In fact, he could end up doing most of the work while you lie there and take it."

Brenda nodded vigorously. "You're right! You're so right! I think that does explain my new fascination with all things oral. And it also explains why I didn't enjoy giving my husband a hummer. Back then, I wouldn't let myself 'go there' with a submissive mindset."

Susan said to Brenda, "I have great news for you. All those things Katherine mentioned are true, and the physical act is a total joy too! If you let yourself go with the right attitude, then you'll have a blast."

Katherine joked, "Figuratively, AND literally!" She giggled.

Susan understood the reference to facials, which set both older women to laughing. Then Susan added, "And more good news is that it's the same with titfucking. That's an endless delight in and of itself, AND it's a symbolic, submissive act too!"

Katherine nodded at that. "Definitely!"

Brenda thought, Oh no! That's scary. I've been so focused on cocksucking that I haven't thought much about titfucking. Now I'm going to be doubly obsessed!

Katherine asked Brenda, "By the way, what did he do to you today exactly?"

Brenda frowned and clutched at her head, as if in pain. "I can't even think about it, it's so arousing. He... he... the main thing is, he ran his hands all over my body like he owned it. I mean, he well and truly owned it, from the very start! As if my body was just there for his amusement. And all the while, Suzanne was stroking and sucking him! The mighty Suzanne! So loudly! Slurping, slurping, slurping! That huge cock of his was getting serviced non-stop by a naked, sexy bombshell, for ages! But it's like that hardly even fazed him."

Susan and Katherine were trying to stay calm, but they couldn't help but squirm a little.

Brenda wasn't done. "But the worst part was, he... he... he wouldn't let me cum! He played with my pussy and nipples and drove me to the brink of delirious ecstasy, but he still wouldn't let me cum! He even smacked my ass once, and threatened to give me a good spanking if I didn't behave! It was the most humiliating day of my life!"

Her chest was heaving so heavily that she had to stop and catch her breath. She tugged at her blouse like she was burning up in a hot sauna.

Chapter 484 Talk With Brenda

Susan smiled knowingly at the tugging. "Brenda, I've got a suggestion. Take your blouse off. Your bra too if you're wearing one. It'll make you feel better."

Brenda stared skeptically. "It will?"

"It will. Clearly, you've crossed the point of no return. You're one of Tiger's sluts now. So, from one slut to another, I'll bet that what makes me feel good will make you feel good too."

Brenda pointed out, "But Alan isn't even here to see." Nonetheless, she was feeling so hot and horny that she started to pull her blouse over her head.

"True," Susan agreed. "But try it out. Caress the undersides of your breasts and imagine that his cock is getting stiff from looking at you. You'll feel better and more relaxed, I'm sure of it."

Katherine said, "Besides, it's the law! I really mean that. The house rule is no underwear for any women, period. Which means you need to take your panties off too. You might as well just get completely naked."

Brenda whimpered. "Oh God! I can't do that!"

Katherine played hardball. "We're all wondering if you really have what it takes. Consider this a test."

Brenda couldn't say 'No' after that. She proceeded to take all her clothes off, including her medium heels. (She hadn't worn high heels since she'd been told Alan wouldn't be here.)

At first, Brenda stood naked with her arms at her sides, blushing and fidgeting. But with the other two beauties just silently staring at her, she felt curiously compelled to bring her hands to the top of her head, and did so. She even anxiously stood on her tip toes at times.

Katherine leaned in to Susan, sitting next to her on the sofa, and whispered in her ear, "Mom, I can't get over the fact that she's, like, all boob!"

Susan frowned, because her jealousy was surging. She whispered back, "I know."

Katherine whispered, "How am I supposed to compete with that?! It's like she really IS a living sex toy!"

Susan grumbled unhappily in response. But then she forced herself to curb her jealousy. Suzanne says it's my job to take the lead on turning her into a sexy and obedient sex pet for my son. Clearly, I see that's her destiny. I can't let my envy over her breast size get in the way of that. Tiger is never going to neglect me, in any case. He loves me beyond measure!

So she whispered in return, "Remember, it's not what we want, it's about what Tiger wants. Is he going to want her to become one of his sex helpers? Obviously. Just look at her! So we need to do our best to live with that."

"I suppose so," Katherine muttered before pulling away.

Brenda's anxiety was growing, because she wasn't able to hear what the other two were whispering. Then Susan asked her, "Well?"

Brenda searched her feelings, and said, "I do feel better, strangely enough. I'm very embarrassed, especially because you two are keeping your clothes on. Not to mention the way you're whispering about me and judging me like a piece of meat. But that reminds me of how I felt this morning: constantly horny and humiliated. And I hate it, but at the same time it does make me feel good somehow."

Susan was feeling very satisfied that the suggestion had worked. "Like Angel said, welcome to the club."

With her hands still on her head, Brenda asked, "May I sit down now? Please?"

Susan was about to say yes, but Katherine was the quicker to speak. She told Brenda, "Turn around first. Let's see the full package my brother will be getting."

Brenda turned around to show off her backside. Again, without being prompted, she went a step further. She spread her legs wider while keeping them ramrod straight, and she bent at the waist to better thrust her ass out. Her eyes were closed and she was imagining Alan was the one inspecting her now.

Katherine urgently whispered to Susan again, "Mom, she's got an awesome ass too. She's, like, walking tits and ass. It's crazy! And look at her juicy pussy. It's so WET already! Not to mention that she's

standing naked in our living room in that obscene pose. If I were Brother, I'd get up and fuck the hell out of her, right here, right now!"

Susan worried that everyone was getting too aroused. She was trying hard to prevent that, so she'd still have lots of energy to play around when Alan returned from his date. Thus, instead of replying to her daughter, she told Brenda, "You can return to your seat now."

Brenda was extremely happy to hear that. She settled into her seat with her hands clenched together in her lap, trying hard not to cover her privates. "So... what happens to me next?! I need to know!" She looked away bashfully. "To be honest, I've had submissive fantasies over the years. Lots of them. But this isn't what I expected it would be like at all!"

Katherine asked, "What's different?"

Brenda frowned. "A lot less sex, and a lot more waiting, for one thing. In fact, it's nearly all waiting!"

Susan said, "There is that, but life must go on. We just have to be patient. As for the big picture, I imagine you'll probably end up like us, except you won't be with him nearly as much. So, yes, you'll be frustrated a lot, but it's worth it. You'll be part of our never-ending quest to fully satiate his cock. I'm sure he'll make you one of his personal cocksuckers and sex pets. But never forget that it's a war we can never win! We may drain him dry for an hour or two, but the moment he finishes his climax, his balls are already filling up with fresh, sweet sperm. All we can do is to tease and tempt him, and pleasure him with every inch of our bodies, especially our mouths, tits, and hands."

Brenda gesticulated with both hands, "But to what end?! It sounds like we'll be running on a treadmill forever!"

"Yes, that's true," Susan said thoughtfully, yet with obvious enthusiasm. "One can see that as endless defeat and frustration. But I prefer to think of it as constant victories and sexual satisfaction for all! Yes, I've been in a lot of embarrassing, uncomfortable, and even downright frightening situations lately, but I've never been so happy in my life! I keep telling you that, because it's true. What do you think, Angel?"

"Oh, definitely! It's the same for me. And Brenda, you have to completely throw your pride and dignity out the window. I call myself his 'fuck toy,' even though he hasn't actually fucked me yet." Katherine added that lie, together with a visible pout, just for Susan's benefit.

She went on, "Whatever you call it, we're all effectively his sex pets, his personal playthings. That will be your fate too, to serve his cock, no matter how humiliating and undignified the situation. Tears will stream from your eyes as you strain from the effort of bobbing on his great thickness, for so long that you lose all track of time! You'll stroke and lick and suck, all at once, but with his stamina it'll feel like he's hardly even noticed. His cock will utterly defeat you, over and over again!"

Brenda exclaimed, "That sounds horrible!"

But Katherine countered, "Oh, is it? Really? Just look down at yourself. Did you realize you've started clutching and caressing your enormous tits from below since I've started talking about it? Can you see how much they're heaving from your heavy breathing, even with you holding them like that?"

Indeed, Brenda saw. But she wasn't happy about it. "What's wrong with me?! My body is betraying me!" She let go of her boobs, only to have them bounce and swing so much that she had to firmly hold them once more.

Susan was smug. "There's nothing wrong with you. There's nothing wrong at all. What Katherine just described might sound bad on the surface, but in fact, nothing could be better! I'm just starting to understand all the many changes that are happening to us. But I know that I absolutely LOVE this 'endless treadmill.' Like I said, I've never been so happy. Brenda, consider yourself one of the very fortunate few. Your big tits, cute face, and all-around beauty have put you here with us. We're 'suffering' from one point of view, but in actuality, there's so much arousal, pleasure, and fun every single day that I almost can't believe it!"

Katherine nodded to Brenda. "Think about it. Just TALKING about this stuff is making you so hot and bothered that we can smell your wet pussy. Imagine how much better it is to actually DO it!"

Brenda blushed. She'd been keeping her thighs pinned together, but she spread them slightly and looked down between her legs at all the wetness there. "Oh no! I'm so sorry!" She quickly locked her legs tight again.

Katherine waved a hand dismissively. "Don't sweat it. You're kind of one of the gang now, for better or worse. I'm sure you'll be leaking like a faucet around us all the time. You seem like a highly arousable type, to say the least."

Brenda looked to the floor in shame, and her face got redder. "I am... but lately... it's been off the charts! Everything seems to make me horny. And I've been... I hate to admit this, but I have to. I've been masturbating constantly, it seems! Today, that's nearly literally true. After coming home from Suzanne's this morning, I spent most of the day naked in my bed or bathtub, if you know what I mean. It's like there's a fire in my pussy that never goes out! And in my nipples too. Everywhere, actually!"

Susan smiled. "That's good. Just think how hot you'll be once you crane your mouth wide open and feel his cock slide right in! For real!"

"Oh God!"

"Or when he plows his big cock between your massive tits and blows his load on your face!" Susan was having to fight not to get carried away herself.

"UNNRGH!" Brenda grunted. She pushed her bare tits together and stared down at them, as if half expecting to see Alan's boner there.

Katherine pointed out, "And you're not family, so there's no reason why he won't fuck your cunt before long. Again, I'm not thrilled about it, but part of being a fuck toy for my brother is having to see him fuck lots of other women. If you're not hopelessly hooked on serving his cock just yet, wait until he's fucked you out of your gourd a few times!"

Brenda's hips were writhing on the sofa now. She didn't speak or grunt in response to that, but only because she was suddenly panting so hard that she was struggling for oxygen. She was freely and aggressively kneading her own giant globes as she thought about Alan fucking her.

Susan continued to talk to Brenda, despite Brenda's aroused and distracted state (as well as her own). "I know you're feeling very conflicted and emotional right now. You're scared and confused. I understand from very recent experience that it's very hard to fully realize that you're going to wind up as someone's personal sex toy, and not just in some pornographic movie scene, but in real life. And the jealous burn of knowing you're just one of his many such sex toys... well, I don't know if we ever get over that. I've been feeling all that, in spades, and I still am. Believe me, it's tough! The worst is the long times when he's not around, and I'm left to my worries and guilt. I've wondered a thousand times in the last week alone if I'm doing the right thing."

Those words sounded sobering, and that helped Brenda calm down some and more or less recover her breath.

Susan concluded, "But you know what? At the end of the day, I have to ask myself, would I ever want to go back to normal, the way things used to be? And the answer is always an emphatic 'NO!' A thousand times no! This isn't an easy path, but it's a highly rewarding path. I feel blessed by God. It's like every day tops the last one as the most amazing day I've ever had!"

Katherine nodded emphatically. "Exactly, Mom. And Brenda, keep in mind that you still haven't even sucked his cock. You're having to deal with all the frustration associated with waiting, without much of the reward. But that'll change soon, I'm sure. Think back to how exhilarated you felt this morning. It's true, I wasn't in your shoes, but I'll bet you anything that that'll pale in comparison to the thrill and joy you'll feel when you suck his cock! And then, when he blows his creamy load all over your face and tits? Ohmigod! I can't even BEGIN to explain how great that is! You'll cum and cum, over and over again!"

Brenda asked, "But all submissive symbolism aside, is it really as great as you two say it is? Most women bitch and moan about them. They say it's all about making the man feel good while they get nothing out of it."

Susan spoke confidently. "Things are different with Alan. Trust me." As part of making a larger point, she admitted, "To be honest, it's not like his penis is THAT different from a typical one."

Katherine cut in to joke, "Yeah, it doesn't shoot out rainbows."

Susan smiled at that. "No, just lots and lots of delicious cum!" She and her daughter shared a loving and hungry look at that. Then she continued, "But, I suppose context is everything. I can't really explain it because I don't understand it. But there's something about how my Tiger is so very confident, dominant, and studly that makes blowing him completely different. As I've mentioned before, it's all about attitude. Those women who complain, I'll bet they've never truly gotten into the spirit of it."

Katherine helpfully suggested to Brenda, "Think about how Alan fondled your breasts and the rest of your ridiculously curvy body this morning. Now, your soon-to-be ex-husband probably did that to you a lot as well, and it was probably just an annoyance most of the time, wasn't it? You had to fake a smile and put up with it."

Brenda asked with surprise, "How did you know that?!"

"I can tell. If you were with a man who truly knew how to satisfy you, you wouldn't be so gaga over my brother. Heck, you probably wouldn't be in the middle of a divorce in the first place. But anyway, compare that to how your heart couldn't stop racing when Alan touched you. And it's not like he's got some super special, magic hands. In a purely physical sense, I'll bet what he did wasn't that different to what your hubby did. But, like Mom said, context is everything. And attitude! Both yours and his. Somehow, he has a way of making things extremely exciting, pretty much every time. I guess that's his sexual gift, more so than even his stamina, or his extra large penis, or the sweet taste of his cum."

Susan nodded, and added, "Although all those things together make up an irresistible package!"

"Literally!" Katherine giggled at that. Then she concluded, "He pushes our buttons in just the right way, making it an endless pleasure to pleasure him. Somehow, he makes it thrilling and naughty, every time. The mere fact that we ARE his sex toys vying to outdo each other in pleasuring him keeps it exciting, no matter what. See what I mean?"

Brenda thought that over, and nodded. "I guess so." She finally managed to take her hands off her breasts and rest them at her side. She was still very aroused, but worried too. "But how can you just sit there and calmly call yourselves his 'sex toys' and 'sex pets?' That gives me goose bumps and shivers every time I hear one of you use those words."

Katherine responded, "We get goose bumps and shivers too. That's probably why we like to say it. Although, personally, I much prefer 'fuck toy.' Mind you, it doesn't mean I want to be some brainless blow-up doll. I'm still the same ol' me. It just means that I'm TOTALLY devoted to serving my brother's cock! And then I reap the rewards for my selfless attitude. My orgasms are plentiful and intense!"

Clearly, Brenda was impressed. She looked down at herself and realized that she was playing with her clit as well as one of her breasts. "Look at me!" she squealed in embarrassment as she pulled her hands away. She panted, "I'm naked... and about to cum just from hearing you talk about all this. Sheesh!"

Susan reached out and patted Brenda's bare knee. "Don't worry. I know this is a lot to take in. But you're not alone. Brenda, you're still not my favorite person. I haven't been exactly secretive about the fact that the size of your breasts bothers me. Mine used to be tied for the biggest around here until you came along. But it's not like you can help that, since yours are all natural. And my heart goes out to you.

It seems like you're almost exactly where I was just a few weeks ago. I don't know if we can truly become close friends, since we're rivals for Alan's affection in some ways, but I'd like to try to help you just the same. If you're feeling like you need someone to talk to, you can give me a call, anytime."

Brenda's face brightened. "Really?!"

"Really."

The three of them talked some more after that, but about lighter topics. Brenda felt like she'd been through the emotional wringer, all day long, and the other two women sensed that and helped her relax. Because Brenda and Katherine hadn't talked to each other much yet in a more intimate setting like this, the two of them got to know each other better while Susan mostly just smiled and listened in.

Strangely, Brenda stayed naked the entire time. And when it came time for her to get up to go, she commented as she picked up her clothes, "It's funny. I never forgot for a second that I was completely naked and you two were fully clothed. And that made me feel uneasy the whole time, like there were butterflies in my stomach. But now that it's time for me to put my clothes back on, I kind of don't want to."

Susan nodded. "I figured as much. I can't really explain how these things work, but I just know that they do. You just have to go with your gut feelings sometimes."

Brenda pointed out as she dressed, "This morning, Suzanne made me strip, pretty much first thing. She said people are more honest and forthcoming when they're naked."

Susan said, "I'm sure that's part of it, but it's more than that. Brenda, you and I, we're not typical women. Angel, this probably goes for you too. We obviously are naturally submissive types."

Katherine nodded.

Susan told Brenda, "Like you, I'd repressed this side of me deep down for many years. But now, when I take my clothes off, it's so much MORE than just taking my clothes off! It's like I'm showing my body off to my son, and giving him a thrill, even when he's nowhere near me! Heck, I can't even get on my knees or put on a pair of high heels without feeling a sexual thrill, even when I'm home alone. Is that strange?"

Brenda replied, "It is, but I could easily see that happening to me. In fact, I think it is already happening to me! Susan, these feelings are so powerful that it scares me!"

Susan stepped forward and gave Brenda a hug, just after Brenda had finished dressing. It was an affectionate hug, despite the fact that there was no way their incredible racks couldn't mash against each other. Susan spoke reassuringly, "Don't worry, it gets better. A lot better. And we'll help you get through this difficult phase. Not just me, but Suzanne, Katherine here, and Amy too, I'm sure. The way I figure, we may not always see eye to eye, and we could end up in competition with each other sometimes, but we're in the same boat. We should help each other instead of fighting."

"I couldn't agree more!" Brenda squeezed Susan tightly, greatly relieved by Susan's kind and understanding ways.

After some more small talk at the front foyer, Brenda waved goodbye to Susan and Katherine and walked out the door.

Susan and Katherine returned to the living room and remembered their movie, which had been left on pause this entire time.

Susan said, "Well, that was interesting. Do you want to restart the movie?"

Katherine replied as she sat back on the sofa, "Yeah, in a minute. I'm still kind of processing all that."

"Me too," Susan said, sitting back on the sofa next to her. "By the way, how are YOU doing? We talked the whole time about Brenda's problems, but what about you? Finding yourself a sexual servant to your own brother, that has to be-

Katherine interrupted dismissively, "I'm fine. Sure, we're all going through the same things. And yeah, becoming my brother's fuck toy is humbling, but I'm sure it's exactly the same for you, having to submit to the power of your son's cock. But, just like you, I've never been happier. I wouldn't want to change a thing. I'm not all stressed out and conflicted like Brenda is, that's for sure. I don't know what the future will hold, exactly, but I can't wait to find out! I'm sure it'll be great, and filled with lots of love, spermy joy, and special times with my very favorite people." She smiled at her mother.

Susan wrapped an arm around her daughter and pulled her in for a motherly hug. "I couldn't agree more. But maybe you and I should talk some more about what we're going through? I feel like we haven't been talking enough lately."

"Nah. Too much talking and not enough movie. Seeing the rest of the movie will help pass the time until Brother gets home. Besides, it's a good one, don't you think?" Katherine didn't like to talk in depth about her feelings with Susan lately, for fear that if she did she might accidentally reveal the fact that she and Alan were already fucking.

After basking in the warmth of their loving embrace, Katherine finally picked up the TV remote and resumed the Pink Panther movie.

Chapter 485 Hot...!

Alan's dinner with Christine had lasted over three hours, mostly because of good conversation. So it was getting late when Alan came home, to find Susan and Katherine still waiting up for him. (Their hour-and-a-half long movie had long since ended.) They were both wearing ordinary clothes, on the off chance that he'd bring Christine back home with him.

As soon as he came through the door, both of them wanted to know everything that had happened, and were especially curious if anything physical had happened. As he removed his suit coat he started summarizing his evening with Christine. When he said that it had remained entirely platonic, Susan appeared crestfallen.

But Katherine was ecstatic. She jumped around and threw her arms into the air. "Woo-hoo! Sweet!"

Alan tolerantly waited her out.

When Katherine had calmed down some, Susan said, "Let me see if I get this straight. Christine was with you for over three hours and she didn't so much as jack you off?"

"Yep." Seeing the severely disappointed look on Susan's face really made it hit home just how important the stimulation of his penis had become for her.

Susan put her hands on her hips, like she was ready to give Christine a stern lecture. "Hrm. I don't know what's gotten into Angel, but I already don't like this Christine very much, if she's gonna be like that! She apparently thinks she's better than everybody else. It's especially galling since you say she's got the bust and looks to be Alan-worthy. Tiger, you need a girlfriend in school, and you deserve the very best. Who better than Christine?"

Katherine said with great annoyance, "Um, Mom? Hello?! Did you forget I'm listening too?"

"Of course I know you're here. You would be my first choice, no question! You're the very best in every way, including the most beautiful, in my book! But unfortunately, everyone knows you two are siblings. So how could it be you?"

Katherine was taken aback by that. It was a good point, and she didn't know how to respond.

Susan turned her attention back to Alan. "In any case, Tiger, your penis has gone over THREE hours without any stimulation whatsoever! You must be horribly backed up with sperm."

He grinned. He could see what was coming. "That's true. I don't know if she intended it or not, but she kept my dick rock hard for most of the evening. She wore a low-cut dress that left me positively drooling."

Susan looked distressed. "Hrm. Not good. Not good at all. Well, Angel and I were discussing this while you were gone. I'm willing to help you with your problem, but as you know, Angel is being grounded. She's allowed to jack you off just once today and nothing else, and she's already used that one up. So, if you want me to, I could take care of you."

He replied, "What? Are you crazy, Mom? Of course I want you! I want you and Sis both equally of course, but maybe Sis could at least watch?"

Katherine had her arms folded and had gone from joy to irritation with the reminder of her punishment. She said, "Grrr. But I guess that's better than nothing."

Before Susan could disapprove, he unzipped his fly and flipped out his erection. "Great! Hey Mom, I've got an idea. Before I take this outfit off, why don't I get some mental AND physical relief? I could pretend that you're Christine and we're doing our date over."

Susan's face lit up. "Brilliant! Son, you're so creative. I love it!" She reached out and lightly brushed his erection with her hand. But then she wistfully let go, and said, "Wait right here though, while I get dressed in something sexy. What color was her dress?" She rushed to the stairs as she talked.

He replied, "Black. Kind of silky. It showed off a LOT of cleavage, like practically down to her belly button."

"Hmmm, maybe she's not all that bad," Susan said as she walked away.

Katherine followed after her. If she wasn't going to be able to take part directly, she at least wanted to help with the visual stimulation.

After a few minutes, Alan began to wonder what was taking so long. He crept to the top of the stairs and was able to listen from there, since Susan had left her door open and she and Katherine were arguing boisterously.

Susan was complaining, "No, I can't go like that, Angel. It's completely improper! I'd be sending the wrong signal."

"And what signal is that?" Katherine goaded, "Maybe you're signaling that Mommy wants to suck on a spermsickle? Lick on a bally-pop? Would that be so bad, to let him know that you know your place is on your knees with his big dick in your mouth?"

"Really, Angel, you're so vulgar."

"Hey. I'm just calling a spade a spade. If you go down there topless, he'll get so hot and hard that your tonsils will be drowning in cum within five minutes."

Susan couldn't quite hide her eagerness for that. "You think? I don't know. I mean, I'm supposed to at least start out looking like Christine. I have to wear a silky dress that shows lots of cleavage, and that's that!"

Katherine goaded, "If you go topless, how much more cleavage can you show? Besides, you don't have a really good, silky black dress."

"I know!" Susan wailed unhappily. "As one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers, that is simply unacceptable! Should I call up Suzanne for help?"

"No! It'll take too much time. Remember, he's waiting downstairs with his big cock poking out in the air."

"Mmmm...! Yummy..."

"Mom, focus! Look, clearly you're torn between the lovely sexy new you and your prudish past. You need a push. I know Brother gets to control what you wear and what you don't, but let me help, kind of as his assistant for when he's not around. I can cut through your waffling and get you in something that will make his cock stick straight up in attention!"

"I don't know..." Susan said doubtfully.

"Leave it to me. Trust me. Think about it: his cock literally sticking straight up, he's so excited by your outfit! Think of all that hard cock-meat filling your mouth as a result!"

"That does sound pretty good," Susan admitted. "Okay, what do you suggest? But nothing too wild!"

Alan snuck back downstairs, confident that Katherine had the situation in hand.

Susan came back down the stairs a few minutes later. She was all dolled up, even wearing glossy lipstick, eye shadow, and a necklace.

Alan looked up at her and whistled, but he also chuckled. "Mom, isn't your outfit there missing something?"

She wore a fancy light coffee-colored dress but there was no fabric of any kind above her stomach, leaving her topless.

Even though he had figured she'd come down topless after what he'd overheard, he didn't have to pretend surprise because he was genuinely floored at just how scorchingly hot she looked. He thought, I hope Sis helped pick that out. If that's "nothing too wild," I wonder what the wild option was!

Susan was bursting with eagerness. "I'm sorry, Son; it's just that I have such a hard time keeping my chest covered when I'm around you. The clothes just seem to fly off. Should I go put the rest on?"

"No, please. I can't really complain if- Oops! For pretend-date purposes, I haven't seen you yet. I have something in the car I picked up on the way home, hoping this would happen. Hold on; I'll go get it."

He put his suit-coat back on. He also tucked his erection away and zipped up his fly. He went to the garage and picked up two bouquets of flowers that he'd bought at Safeway on his way home. He'd made a note of what a great reaction his flowers had caused with Christine, and wanted to see if he could repeat that success.

Instead of walking the usual way from the garage directly into the house, he went back outside and rang the doorbell.

Susan answered it in her topless mocha-colored dress, with her arms over her chest for fear of the neighbors seeing.

Alan immediately pushed into the house so no one could get a free peek at his semi-naked mother, even though their front lawn was so big with so many bushes and trees that there was little to no chance of that happening. He noticed Katherine had come back downstairs and was sitting on a nearby sofa, watching with a slight frown on her face. He held both bouquets behind his back.

"Hi Christine. Damn! You look fantastic." He joked, "That's an unusually revealing outfit, compared to what you usually wear at school."

Susan knew he was holding something behind his back, but she didn't press to ask what it was. Instead, she suddenly realized that she'd never talked to Christine, except in passing at a couple of school events. She said, "Time out."

She turned to Katherine. "Oh dear. Angel, I don't know Christine from a hole in the ground, except for a few things, I suppose. She's never even been here to visit. How does she talk? What should I say? What's she like? All I know is that she does really well in school, she's kind of uptight and unwilling to help out with Tiger's blue balls, and her breasts are as big as mine."

Katherine stood up and wandered over. "There's not much more to know, except that she's a pathetic lonely virgin and she's justly nicknamed the 'Ice Queen.' So harden your heart and act like a cold-hearted know-it-all bitch and you'll do just fine."

Alan complained, "Hey Sis, that's totally mean and you know it. We'll talk about your Christine issues later, but for now don't ruin my 'date' with your negativity. She's a good friend of mine, and she deserves a little respect. Okay?"

Katherine gave him a bit of a look, but then relented and nodded sullenly.

As he turned back to Susan, he noticed that she was hopping about excitedly, holding her breasts to stop them from slapping her in the face. "I'm on a date with my son! Did you hear that, Angel? My big cum-filled boy wants to spend a romantic evening with me and seduce me!"

He chuckled. "That's right, Mom. But remember that you're Christine now, okay? You don't need to be exactly like her; just pretend to be an extremely intelligent and, yes, a kind of demanding know-it-all teenage girl. Unfortunately, a bit prudish and sexually repressed too. Remember, I asked her out and she turned me down. Got that?"bender

She nodded, but there was a new fire in her eyes. "She turned you down. How could I forget that? What is WITH that girl? She could have been slurping on your cock for weeks by now. The fool!"

He ignored that and tried to get the role-play going. "So... No. You know what? I'm gonna go back outside, and then come back in again. Okay?"

He did just that, although it was more of a token opening of the door a couple of inches and then closing it again, and he was careful to make sure his flowers weren't visible. He turned back to Susan and looked surprised. "Christine, you look fantastic!"

"Why, thank you, kind sir! And look at you. Don't you look good enough to eat? Alan, I've never seen you in a suit before. It makes you so handsome."

"And I've never seen you in a dress like that before." Very mindful of her bare breasts, he joked, "You should wear that to school some time." But then he turned serious and turned on the charm. "I'm speechless before your beauty. I've been your number one admirer for so long. But what I can't express with words maybe I can say with this." He pulled one of the bouquets from behind his back. "For you."

Susan's eyes went wide and she squealed like a stuck pig. She started wildly jumping around. Naturally, that sent her big tits flying, so she had to rest her arm across them to keep them somewhat restrained. "Oh my God! My God! This is so exciting! My son is too wonderful for words!"

He was all smiles, but he cautioned, "Remember, you're Christine. Although I did buy the flowers for you, Mom. It's just a small way for me to show you how much I love you."

Without further ado, she threw herself at him and kissed him on the lips with unbridled passion. She shoved her tongue so far into his mouth that she seemed intent on trying to deep throat him with it.

He loved her attention, but he had a hard time keeping the other bouquet hidden behind his back, especially since Susan was playing grab ass.

Suddenly she pulled back and stared wildly into his eyes from inches away. "Good Lord, you're gonna get SO lucky tonight!" She dropped to her knees.

He laughed. "That's funny. Christine said the exact same thing when I gave her the flowers."

Katherine had retreated to the sofa but suddenly stood up and stormed over to Alan. "She did? And you gave her flowers? You said it wasn't a romantic date!" She was angry.

Susan didn't have anything to say; she was busy unzipping his fly and fishing his erection out of his pants. She looked at all the pre-cum that had built up from so much anticipation and joked, "Pre-cum to momma!"

As she started licking his cockhead, he thought back to how he'd told her that Christine was a bit prudish and sexually repressed. He laughed inwardly, Yep, Mom. That's what I call prudish! But he didn't have a chance to tell her that she was out of character for the role-play, because he needed to deal with Katherine before she managed to build up a full head of steam.

Luckily, he had the other bouquet of flowers, so he brought them out. "Uh, Christine, I noticed you have a younger sister who is in every way as beautiful as you. Here, Katherine, these are for you." Susan's tongue was flitting all over his sweet spot, but he tried not to notice.

Katherine didn't jump about, but was more hushed with awe and disbelief as she took the flowers from him. "Really? For me? You were really thinking of ME?"

He felt the need to temporarily break out of the role-play, which wasn't exactly working too well anyway. "Of course I was thinking of you. I love you! On any given day, hardly an hour goes by when I don't think of you somehow. I love you as much as any brother ever loved his sister. It's like you're a part of me instead of us being two separate people. You know what I mean?"

Her face lit up like the sun. "Brother! I know exactly what you mean! Oh! Oh! ... Mom, did you hear that?"

Susan was already busy slurping on Alan's erection. But as she licked up and down and all around it she managed to say, "I heard. That's so romantic!" She was so inspired by the touching moment that she took his entire cockhead into her mouth and tried to suck his stiffness all the way down to its base. She repeatedly gagged since she didn't know how to deep throat him, but she got as close to deep throating as she could.

Alan found himself in a tongue duel with his sister as she kissed him with the same kind of intensity Susan had been using a short time earlier. He marveled at the fact that he was kissing his sister while being blown by his mother. The physical and mental thrill was simply unbelievable.

In fact, Susan was so intently and enthusiastically using her lips and tongue that he already had to worry about blowing his load. His PC muscle training kicked in. He was rapidly getting very good at that, out of sheer necessity.

Finally, Katherine and Alan had gotten so carried away that they had to stop kissing just to breathe.

Katherine switched to planting kisses all over his face. She said, "Mom, I'm so happy! I've never been as happy as this! Can I please suck him off? If I can't, I don't know what! But I'll be so bummed."

Susan was busy making her usual "mmmm" noises. But after some long moments she finally came up for air. She was still licking and stroking him with one hand while her other hand held the bouquet. She said absent-mindedly, "That's nice, Angel. But can't you see Mommy's busy? Mmmm. Mommy has a big cum-filled cock she needs to drain dry. Maybe later. ... Mmmm! MMMM! ... After all, you are being grounded."

"Grrr! So. Un. Fair. GRRR! I wish I was being grinded, rather than grounded."

"Hey," Susan chided. "Don't even hint at intercourse. That's not allowed. We don't want" - she paused to fit all of Alan's cockhead into her mouth and then let it go - "to" - she did it again - "be" - and again - "cock" - she spent a long time licking and sucking it before coming up for air - "teases." She giggled, then went all-out on his erection with her mouth and free hand.

By this time Susan had managed to get Alan's balls hanging out through his fly, so she spent some time kissing and sucking them too. Her hands, tongue, and lips were never idle.

Katherine had time to think, so now she switched back to sweetness and light as she resumed kissing Alan all over. She figured she could at least have her brother's upper body to play with for a while, since her mother was so preoccupied down below. Katherine ran her hands all over his chest. "That's okay. I'll make do. The important thing is that you love me, Brother."

"I do."

A lot more necking and sucking followed. Both women shed most of their clothing, even though Alan barely managed to remove just his suit-coat. Even his tie remained hanging loosely around his neck, because his hands were too busy exploring his sister's shapely naked body to waste time undressing.

Finally, between French kisses, he had a chance to say, "As much as I'm enjoying this, can we take a time out? My dick needs a break if I'm gonna last much longer. Not only that, but I was really looking forward to a fantasy version of my date."

The two horny women pulled off. Somehow they'd managed to put their flower bouquets on a table, but now it seemed as if they were rediscovering them all over again. It took another minute or two of them French kissing him and fondling his cock before they let him go.

Chapter 486 It's Déjà Vu All Over Again.

Alan was left alone briefly, with his erection flagging a little, when the other two scurried off to find vases for their flowers. He just stood there thinking unsexy thoughts, in a desperate and largely futile effort to get his hard-on to go down. Shit, man! Mom's blowing me while Sis is kissing me! They're each so sexy and so much fun to mess around with one on one, but together? I think I'm gonna die of sheer joy! God... DAMN! This is a major breakthrough. Mom's so psyched, she's forgetting her rules about threesomes! Wow!

Now if I could just get her to actually suck my cock while Sis works on it too. We're so close...

Susan was the first to come back to Alan, who was still standing near the front door. She was again pretending to be Christine. "Oh Alan! Sorry for keeping you waiting. I just want to say thank you so much for the flowers."

"Um, you're welcome." He was having a hard time switching gears. He was busy trying to register that she was wearing nothing but a small pink towel around her midsection, which didn't manage to cover either her pussy or her huge melons.

She looked distraught. "I must apologize for my appearance. You see, after you knocked that water all over us, we went to change but it turns out that all our clothes were already in the wash. Even the towels were all wet. This is the only towel I could find."

"I spilled water over you?"

Susan came right up to him and whispered huskily, "I'm hoping you will spill some warm white liquid all over the back of my throat. Er, I mean, that's what I'd say if I was some kind of shameless hussy! Like if I was a really horny big-titted centerfold mommy who had just been given some flowers by her hunky son and needed a big load of his spermy love!"

She realized that she was getting too carried away, so she added in a more matter-of-fact voice, "But for now, just roll with the punches about the towel. We'll work it out."

He was amused that he was being told by Susan to roll with the punches when she was the one who was always getting off track with her role-play. But he just smiled and said, "Right. Sure. The water. Since I'm rolling with the punches, I'm not even gonna ask why you're only using the towel to cover the area between your breasts and pussy."

She dropped her head submissively and answered his question honestly, even though he hadn't really asked. "It wasn't my idea. Angel, er, my younger sister made me do it."

"Wow. I should thank her. Christine, I've been dreaming of seeing you naked like this for years."

While Katherine might have technically "forced" her mother to dress like that, the truth was that Susan hadn't needed much coercion, since she'd been so overwhelmed by his thoughtfulness in bringing her flowers. Seeing what a great reaction she was getting, she turned around and wiggled her bare ass.

"Look all you want! I'm afraid the towel doesn't cover much of my ass either." She spread her legs a bit to give him a glimpse of her pussy.

Damn, I wanna fuck that hole! Mom is such a fuckin' tease. She'd better get her lips back on my dick muy pronto! I might just start cumming into the air, with no contact at all! But all he said was, "Um, but that's kind of a problem, isn't it? How are we going to go eat at The Avalon?"

"Ah. Well, my sister and I were just discussing that. We were thinking we could eat here. We're both good cooks."

"Okay, that works. Speaking of your sister, how did she fare with the water-spilling crisis?"

"I thought you'd never ask." Susan whistled towards the stairs. "Sister!"

Katherine was waiting for her cue and began walking down the stairs.

Alan looked her way and started laughing uproariously. He was so amused because the only thing she wore was a black skirt, but she had it way up around her stomach. It was so short and so high on her that he could even see her belly button peeking out beneath it.

Susan, also very mirthful about the outfit, said, "As you can see, she didn't have much left to wear either."

Katherine had been looking down into the living room from the top of the stairs. She put on a show of extreme distress about her nakedness that seemed just as heartfelt as the one Susan had managed just a few minutes earlier.

Katherine made a deliberately ineffective effort to cover her breasts with her hands as she said, "Alan, I'm so embarrassed. You hardly know me, but now you must think I'm a common slut. Ever since you spilled your seed all over me--"

"Water," he corrected, grinning.

"Whatever. Anyway, with the way I'm shaved totally clean down below, you can see everything! You can even see my moist pussy, and there's nothing I can do about it!"bender

Alan was so aroused that he was ready to scream for someone to give him some oral or manual relief right away. But being a good sport, he tried to play along. "Well, at least I can't see anything on the inside."

"No," she conceded, "not at the moment, but all I'd have to do is this" - she spread her legs a bit while pulling her slit apart with her fingers - "and then you could see EVERYTHING! You'd better not spill any more of your seed on me when I'm like this, or you could make me have your baby!"

He gulped. It was great fun, but it was also so arousing that his erection actually began to hurt.

Susan chided, "Angel, er, Sister, what did I say about teasing Tiger about vaginas?"

Katherine protested while keeping her nether lips pried apart, "But it's just a scientific fact, Christine! About the only way he would be guaranteed not to see the inside was if there was some kind of big log-like object filling it up and blocking the view." She giggled at her naughtiness before readjusting her stance.

After she had spread her legs even wider, she pried her nether lips open a second time. "Even worse, if a boy in this room, like, say, Alan there, decided to have his way with me and fucked me hard and long, when he was all done my pussy would probably be all red and abused and puffy. It might even stay gaping open like this without any help from my fingers. Then everyone would be able to clearly see all his baby-making semen pouring out. Gosh, that would be embarrassing, even if it was a lot of fun."

Susan was amused, not to mention aroused, but she still felt it necessary to play the bad cop. "What did I just say about tormenting our date with our tight little pussies? Don't make me warn you again." She turned to him and asked, "Why don't you come in for a bit? Don't be a stranger."

Alan had been standing just inside the front door the whole time, but now he walked into the living room and sat down. He let Katherine and Susan lead him into the room, so he would be behind them where he could admire their bare asses as they walked. Both of them actually ran their hands sensuously all over their asses as they moved. They even stroked their hands down their legs, drawing his attention down to their high heels.

Even though Christine didn't really have a younger sister (to the best of his knowledge), and of course there was no chance in hell that she would start a date in the buff, especially if her parents were home, he was having a great time just the same.

Apparently the talk about cooking dinner was just a pretense, because Susan sat down on the floor in front of Alan (very nearly in blowjob position) and Katherine sat back on a nearby sofa to watch some

more. Katherine would have loved to be more involved but felt she had better not, due to her being grounded.

Susan, getting even more into her Christine role, said, "Alan, I really have to apologize. I can't get over how much I regret turning down your offer for a date a few weeks ago."

Alan was thinking back to his date earlier in the evening. As Yogi Berra said, "It's déjà vu all over again." The real Christine said nearly the same thing just hours ago.

But then Susan said, "I've come to realize that you're a man with great needs. Sexual needs. And despite my intellect, I also have some pretty big balloons." She giggled, but then grew serious and turned to Katherine. She asked her, "Should I do it?"

Katherine scrunched her face up in frustration. "Mom, I told you exactly what to say. What's the problem?"

"Well, just thinking about it, it IS a violation of the boundaries I set..."

He had no idea what they were talking about, but he listened closely. Her boundary violations were always exciting.

Katherine argued, "You make the boundaries, so you can change them anytime, and we all know that you often do. You ARE in agreement that good mommies need to keep their son's dicks well drained, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course, but-"

Katherine pressed, "And you do agree that good mommies belong on their knees with their mouths completely full of cock?"

Susan was reluctant. "Well, I don't know. That sounds kind of demeaning. It sounds terribly tempting, but... For one thing, do we have to use that vulgar 'C' word?"

The horny daughter kept pressing. "Oh, come on, Mom. Don't get cold feet now. If your mouth is there to get him off, then why aren't your tits there for the same purpose? Just do what you agreed to do."

Susan was wavering, but Katherine stared her down so intently that she finally caved in completely.

Susan turned back to Alan and said, "I have no idea how to make up for all the pain I've caused you. I know you were deeply depressed for a whole week and I hear that greatly upset your mother and the rest of your family. But I was thinking that if I offer my tits for you to use for your satisfaction any time you like, that might begin to even the score. And the rest of my body is yours to use as well. Just remember that I'm a virgin. I'm completely at the mercy of your oversize cock, so I beg you to go slow when you go all the way." Her words started off tentatively, but she became more convincing (and self-convinced) as she talked.

He was wildly aroused by her words, but thought, What a hypocrite. She was just chiding Sis for vagina teasing, like, a minute ago! My God, my dick is about to explode like a rocket and fly to the moon! I'm too fuckin' HOT; I'm gonna burn up! Fuck MOM? Hell yeah!

Susan continued, "And in case that isn't enough, my sister is offering herself completely as well. I didn't really think it was necessary, but she insisted." She looked over at Katherine and frowned. "It looks like you'll be making us get VERY naughty tonight. Both of us!"

Katherine smiled a bit sheepishly. But then her eyes lit up when she realized that Susan was still wearing her towel. She frowned and nodded at the towel.

He was panting hard. He realized that he had to keep in mind that, since his mother was calling herself a virgin, that meant she was talking in fantasy terms, so he really wasn't likely to get lucky and fuck one of them that night.

Susan let her useless towel "accidentally" fall to the ground. She loved the role-play. Having her daughter "force" her to get naughty with her son was driving her to the brink of a great orgasm.

He chuckled and thought, Well, Christine didn't exactly say any of THAT part, but then again this is fantasy role-play. I can't really complain- Oh! Damn!

Chapter 487 Hotness Overloaded

His thoughts were interrupted because Susan was pressing forward and wrapping her big breasts around his erection.

He was so surprised that he stood up. "What? Whoa, Mom!"

She quickly knelt to place herself in a better position, then enveloped his erection again so that she could lick the tip of his cockhead while giving a titfuck, and that's exactly what she proceeded to do.

He stepped out of the role-play and said, "Mom! You were talking about breaking the boundaries. But we've done this before. So, uh, what exactly is the boundary violation here?" His brain was slow in catching up to the fact that Susan and Katherine were talking publicly about titfucking.

His unintended incredulity caused Susan to have new doubts about what she was planning. She froze in place, uncertain about what to do. "I know. What I was thinking... or more accurately talked into... It's probably a bad idea... Maybe we should stop and just have a nice cocksucking?"

Katherine came quickly to the rescue. "Mom, what are you talking about? Tonight's a very special occasion. I know that. Brother touched both of us with his gifts. Don't you think an extra special boy like that deserves extra special cums? Don't you think he should explode his hot cum all over your face?"

Susan's tits weren't moving, but the smell of cum so close to her nose was too much for her, triggering her tongue to snake out and lick the tip of his dick. "Well, yes, of course, but the boundaries..."

Katherine pressed on, "Fuck the boundaries! This is a special occasion!"

"That's so true," Susan conceded, as she licked around his piss hole. "But look. He's put his hands on my boobs. If he keeps that up, there's no telling what I'll agree to."

Sure enough, he was playing with her nipples. He'd come to realize that her nipples were extremely sensitive, and he'd hoped to get her so horny that she'd ignore all her concerns.

Katherine replied, "He's just steadying himself. You don't want him to fall over, do you? Besides, you ARE playing Christine in a role-play. And even though she's a frigid bitch, she's still going to be a slut for Alan's cock, just like all the rest of us. So if you're trying to be Christine, you need to make a fuck tunnel out of your tits. NOW, Mom."

Susan was so far gone that she'd forgotten that Christine was not a confirmed "slut for Alan's cock," and in fact had turned him down for a date not that long before. Susan started sliding her giant boobs all over his erection. She purred, "How does that feel, Son? Remember that I'm Christine, not Mommy. You're not allowed to do this with Mommy."

"Wow. Thanks, uh, Christine." He didn't understand what was such a boundary violation, since he'd fucked Susan's tits before and they'd both loved it. But he decided it was best not to ask too many questions. He seized on the chance to get the role-play back on track once again, even though it seemed to be a losing battle. He was also happy to say anything she liked if it served to keep his dick lodged in her moving cleavage.

Susan had already lubed her chest with some kind of oil while she was changing her clothes, since she'd expected to end up like this. So his erection slid around with magnificent ease between her two large, pale orbs. She lifted one tit up and then the other in a repeating pattern, knowing how much he liked that.

As Alan hit a good stroking rhythm, she thought, Tiger's cock and my tits - they're a match made in heaven! Angel is so right: why should I fight this? My tits are so sensitive all over that this might even feel better than real fucking. Hard to know for sure though, since I've never been truly fucked by a REAL man like my son. But since I can never allow my sweet Tiger to fuck me like that, I'm gonna have to settle for this. Son, fuck my tit-cunt! You're gonna be doing it every day from now on, if I have any say in the matter! Hee-hee!

He was enjoying the feeling of the titfuck experience so much, not to mention the sight of it, that he didn't speak for a while. He concentrated on his breathing while trying not to cum. He'd been so primed after three hours of blue balls with Christine that he was surprised that he could still hold off his impending orgasm.

After a minute or two, his mother said to him in a soothing tone, "Yes, this really is Christine here. Alan, why don't you close your eyes? That way, I really can become Christine. Imagine that your date took a different turn and this is how it ended up. That she's seen the light and surrendered to the power of your unstoppable cock! Just like your mommy has. Just like your sister has. Just like Suzanne has. Just

like those other girls at school have. You're ending the date by filling her up and covering her everywhere with your powerful sperm, starting with her tits! Think about that for a while."

He thought that was a great idea, so he closed his eyes. In his mind he explored all kinds of wonderful fantasies. After a minute or two, he began to feel that he really was titfucking Christine.

Katherine was annoyed. As usual, I'm left out. I swear, my "punishment" is just an excuse for Mom to have Brother all to herself! I don't think she's doing that consciously, because she doesn't have a mean bone in her body; she's just a little crazy and jealous with cock lust. But the result for me is the same. When is she going to give me MY turn?!

She sighed. Well, at least I get to get fucked for real, so there! ... As long as I'm just sitting here, I might as well play D.J. for a little while. She went to the stereo and put on "Fever" by Peggy Lee. The jazzy tune captured the sexy yet lazy and mellow mood perfectly. Susan was going easy on Alan at that moment, in the hope she could prolong their joy.

Katherine liked the song so much that she played it a second time. She closed her eyes and mouthed the words as she fingered her clit:

Never know how much I love you

Never know how much I care

When you put your arms around me

I get a fever that's so hard to bear

She added to herself, That's so true! I'm totally in love with my brother. She opened her eyes. But, as usual, I can only watch. Well, watch and masturbate. That's not so bad, given that Mom looks so hot!

Susan also drifted into a blissful reverie, grooving to the song. I love how Tiger looks so sharp and handsome dressed up in a tie and everything. It's like he's a powerful businessman come home from work to me, his wife! "Honey, I'm home!" Hee-hee! And here I am performing my nightly wifely duties,

giving him his 'welcome home' titfuck. I could greet him at the door on my knees, dressed in just a see-through nightie and heels. Or nothing at all! Well, except for the heels, of course. I'd have his fly unzipped and that big log down my throat before he even stepped all the way through the door!

At least that's how I'd behave if I had a potent, virile man like my son for my husband. Then we'd have dinner and lie around the fire, fucking and sucking all through the night. And if I were really his wife, he'd be able to fuck my pussy! All the time, too! God, that makes me SO HOT! Oh, yes... Oooh! Ah! ... He just made me cream again. Thank you, hubby, hee-hee!

When Susan had recovered from her orgasm, she spoke again with an almost hypnotic soothing tone to her voice. "Christine here. I'm in love with you. I'm so sorry for turning you down. All I can think about is becoming your girlfriend. Well, at least one of them. A sexy man like you needs a bunch at once! I had my chance to be your only one, but I lost it."

She looked over at Katherine to see if she was saying and doing the right things.

Katherine was a bit startled and tried to act like she wasn't masturbating. She gave Susan a big thumbs-up and motioned for her to continue.

Susan spoke to Alan's erection as she said, "Now one of my punishments for being so mean is that I'll have to share you with my sexy younger sister Katherine and so many other busty girls. You may have sex with two or more of us at once and want me to have sex with other girls. I'll do even that, because I love you so much and because I can't say no to your cock!"

She paused her thrusting for a bit so she could lick his dick and show just how much she loved it. Then the thrusting continued, but she kept trying to lick his cock-head whenever it came within reach of her tongue.

Alan was happy just drifting along in an orgasmic nirvana. He hoped that Susan really meant every word (except for calling Katherine a sister and not a daughter) but suspected that she didn't. When he pictured the real Christine kissing Katherine his arousal went up yet another notch. But then he heard a smooching sound, so he opened his eyes to find out what it was.

He was amazed to see his fantasy made real: Katherine really was sitting next to Susan on the floor, and they were each kissing the other's face (but not on the lips, which would have been crossing the line into unacceptable behavior for Susan).

Susan saw out of the corner of her eye that he was watching, so she pulled away from the kiss and said, "You see? I want you so much that you even make me act like a lesbian, just to get you hot. I don't want to be a virgin anymore."

Then she bent her neck forward to resume licking the tip of his dick each time it passed close enough. "Tonight, after you've creamed all over my face and chest a few times, I want you to make me a woman. Then I want you to make Katherine a woman. I want your cock to live in our cunts! We want to be your favorites. We want to be the cunts you think of first, ahead of all your other cunts!"

He was floored at Susan's creative imagination and her crude language. It was as if she had become an entirely new person. He looked over to Katherine.

She was nodding in agreement with Susan's words. Seeing that Susan couldn't see her face but that Alan could, she mouthed the words, "Number one fuck toy."

All of the naughty language, plus the great titfuck, was simply too much for him to take. He shouted, "Uh-oh! I'm losing it! Losing it!"

Susan said, "Angel, this one's for you! Take his cum!"

Alan's dick continued to slide through Susan's cleavage, but Katherine bent down over her mother's chest and took the top of Alan's erection into her mouth.

"Ahhh..." He relaxed and let the semen fly. It felt great to just let go, like taking a long piss after holding the urge in for hours.

Katherine bobbed up and down on it urgently, making the most of her opportunity as his boner spasmed and fired more and more cum into her mouth.

He fell back onto the sofa with a great big grin on his face. He surveyed the room as he recovered.

Katherine was as happy as a clam, enjoying a mouthful of cum. She felt she'd made out pretty well, considering that she was grounded and not supposed to touch Alan's dick. She also liked getting her mother to bend the rules and follow her orders. Susan wouldn't agree to just anything at any time, but she was remarkably pliant when Katherine "forced" her to play with Alan's erection.

Susan got only the few drops of cum that landed on her breasts, but she didn't seem to mind. She was still blissed out over everything, especially his gesture of buying her flowers. She thought, Okay, I went a little overboard. Again. I broke the boundaries that I'd set. Again. Tomorrow I'll probably rue my lack of self-control. Again.

But this shows that Tiger really loves me, not just as a mother but as a woman! How could I resist? When was the last time I got flowers from my husband? Years and years ago. I feel so alive and appreciated and LOVED!

Alan thought, Dang! I really need to buy flowers more often! No joke. I've heard that women like flowers, but this reaction was just out-of-control crazy great. Maybe it's just a reflection of how strong our love is. I have a feeling that if I went and picked a dandelion from the front yard, both of them would still be over the moon. I don't know if I really deserve that kind of love, but clearly we've become a passionate family.

Ah well. My "non-romantic date" with Christine wasn't at all what I expected but it was still great, and the role-play afterwards wasn't what I expected but was also really great. Mom just gets too excitable to stick to a role-play, unless maybe it's one that involves a lot of cocksucking. Not that I mind too much! Add the trip to the nude beach - especially what almost happened in the water with Aunt Suzy - and add the real Christine date to that and it's been yet another fantastic day in paradise. One of my best days ever!

Susan was sitting next to Katherine, running a hand tenderly through her daughter's hair. "I'm sorry, Angel. I'm sorry I was such a cock hog."

"Cock hog? Where did that come from?"

"I don't know. It just kind of came to me. I feel like a greedy little cock hog, fat and pink and honking 'oink, oink, oink.' I don't like it! I know you're being punished and all, but it occurred to me near the end there that it must have been frustrating, sitting nearby and only being able to watch."

"Yeah, it was," Katherine admitted. "But you made up for it by letting me finish him off. Thanks! You want some?" She opened her mouth, showing off a tongue full of cum.

"What? How would I...? Angel, no! I can't kiss you, not even for his yummy sperm. That would be wrong, not to mention terribly improper." She looked back up at her son. "Do you think you'll be able to get erect again? Right now, maybe?"

"Definitely not. I'm only human."

"Oh, poo! Sorry, Angel."

He asked, "Why did you say sorry to her?"

Susan explained, "Well, I promised her that she'd get a turn at titfucking you too, since this was such a special occasion, with you giving both of us flowers and all. But I got carried away, and now it's too late."

Katherine sighed. "Story of my life."

"That's why I let her take your load." Susan suggested to her, "Why don't you at least go finish him off?"

Katherine looked to where Alan was slumped down in his seat. She quipped, "He looks pretty finished off to me."

Susan explained, "I'm talking about his penis. You can't just finish up like that. If you're serious about serving his cock - and I don't just mean servicing, I mean serving, like a serf or slave serves her lord - then you can't leave his penis all messy like that."

"No?" She was playing dumb on purpose, since it turned her on to hear Susan explain.

"You lick it clean, completely clean! I usually spend a good five to ten minutes licking it clean, especially his balls."

Katherine moved into position, but asked, "Why his balls? They don't even look wet. I'll actually get them more wet and messy if I lick them now."

Susan was frustrated, because she didn't want to have to explain such things right in front of Alan. She drew closer to Katherine and spoke quietly, but he could still hear her. "Because it makes him feel good, that's why! It's a necessary part of giving him not just any old blowjob or titfuck, but top-notch service. Plus, it's not just about getting him clean, but showing proper respect, and giving thanks. It makes clear just who's in charge around here."

She dropped her voice even lower. "And, if you're lucky and you do it long enough, he just might get hard again, and then you can start all over again with a new erection!"

"Ah, so that's it." Katherine commenced licking.

But Alan really was overcome with exhaustion. Only after cumming did he realize just how late it had become, and remember that he still had to go to school the next morning. He had a hard time even staying awake for Katherine's cleaning job.bender

He staggered off to bed after a few goodnight kisses and fell right to sleep. He never did have a chance to discuss Katherine's "issues" about his going out with Christine; he figured he could deal with that problem after he awoke.

Chapter 488 Hot Damn Susan!

As Alan woke up the next morning, he lay in bed with his eyes closed, just thinking. Ugh. Monday. Another week of school. Not like I can complain though. Yesterday was like a dream come true. I can't even begin to count the highlights. Man! The date with Christine and everything after I came home was pretty cool, but probably the best news of all was how close I came to fucking Aunt Suzy in the ocean. Christ, my dick actually went in her a few inches! Schwing!bender

That memory gave him an instant erection. Too bad I didn't get a chance to be with her alone later on. I'm dying to hear what she has to say about what we did. I'm even more curious to see how far she's willing to go now. If she was willing to do that much, why stop there? Gaawwwd! If I could fuck Aunt Suzy every day, that would be beyond the beyond! Wow! Plus, it would make not being able to fuck Mom yet a lot more bearable. 'Cos even though Mom is really getting into cocksucking, she seems pretty damn firm on the 'no fucking' rule.

Yep. Yesterday was a total dream. But then so was the day before. Dang! Every single day, it's like I'm a little kid on Christmas morning. Seriously! Heaven can only be a comedown from this.

And now I've gotta slog through seven hours of school to get to the good stuff back home. But come on; even that's not that bad. Especially with Glory there. She's so great: that talented tongue, the Surfer Girl, queen of the deep throats! I'm so fucking blessed all around! I just know today is going to be another mind-blowing day. I can't even wait to see how Mom and Sis are dressed for breakfast. I've got so much to look forward to!

Those thoughts led him to hop out of bed, instead of dragging himself out as he usually did. Once he was standing, he turned to his alarm. He sometimes woke up a few minutes before it went off and he assumed that's what had happened that day, so he was going to turn it off. However, he did a double take as he looked and saw that the clock said that it was already after eight.

Eight?! What the fuck?! Hell, it's nearly eight-thirty! School's already started! Oh no, what a disaster! Why didn't Mom wake me?!

He immediately threw on some clothes and rushed downstairs. But he heard Susan and Katherine talking in the kitchen / dining room area, and that gave him pause. He stopped before coming into view, instead just listening from the living room. After a few moments, he realized that the two of them were having a normal conversation, like any other morning. There was no sign that anything was wrong.

He thought, What's going on?! And what the hell is Sis doing home too?! This doesn't make any sense! I must be missing something. I don't want to go in there and expose myself as a total idiot. I need to figure out what's going on first.

He went back upstairs and checked his calendar. He discovered that it was Veterans Day, which meant it was a school holiday. Whoa! Good thing I didn't wander into the kitchen and ask why nobody woke me up for school. Sis would have never stopped giving me a hard time about it. Phew!

But, beyond that, what does this mean?! Man, I have a whole extra day of no school! How cool is that?! And with my sexual good fortune lately... phew! I'm going to have such a great day! The possibilities are endless! Wow, what to do first? Well, for starters, I sure as hell won't masturbate. With Mom and Sis downstairs, and no rush to get to school... my god! I'm getting all stiff and horny from just thinking about it!

He took a quick shower, got dressed, and went downstairs for breakfast. He wore a loose jumpsuit instead of his usual shorts, and without any underwear. He figured this would be even more effective in showing off his erection to help get some sexy fun started.

Katherine was sitting at the kitchen counter eating her oatmeal, while Susan was in the kitchen cooking.

Alan could hardly wait for the sexy fun to begin. His dick was already fully erect in his jumpsuit, and his heart was beating fast. However, as he walked through the living room to the dining room, he heard the two of them arguing. He stopped to listen without being seen, just like he did before his shower. Except this time he couldn't help but peek a little bit as well.

Susan was facing away from Katherine (and Alan) as she said, "No! And that's final. I don't know how you got me to do all those naughty things last night, but that was then and this is now. I've had some time to think and clear my head. Things are spinning out of control, and the boundaries are falling completely apart. We need a moratorium. At least for a few days, Tiger will have to make do with masturbation."

"But Mom!" Katherine complained. She was looking at Susan in the kitchen and thus also facing away from Alan. "That's downright cruel. Not to mention sinful. You know what the Bible says about Onan spilling his seed on the ground. Can't you just picture those billions of spermatozoa building-"

Susan put her hands over her ears. "Aaaaah! Please stop. I'm well aware, and it breaks my heart. However, sacrifices have to be made. Maybe Suzanne can help him some. I just need some time to think and clear my head without the sound and smell of cocksucking everywhere. What with today being a holiday and all, if I don't do that, the temptation will be never-ending."

"But Mom! The Bible doesn't say there's anything wrong about Onan spilling his seed all over a woman. Even a sexy big-titted woman such as yourself. ESPECIALLY a sexy big-titted woman such as yourself. Don't you think your tits look good with all that shining cum on them, just like glaze on a donut?"

Susan looked a little spaced-out and giddy as she thought about that. "Maybe," she conceded.

"Maybe?!" Katherine was incredulous.

Susan couldn't help but briefly grin. "Okay, so they do."

"And doesn't his sweet cum taste even better than a donut?"

Susan fidgeted and frowned as she licked her lips with great longing. "You know it does! But that's not the point." She was unhappy that she was starting to feel a strong tingling sensation in her pussy and her nipples.

Katherine drove on, "And it especially doesn't say there's anything wrong with you stretching your lips around his cock, so wide that you can barely fit it all in, and twirling your tongue all over it until it gives up its creamy seed. And tell me where in the Bible it specifically prohibits you from bobbing madly all over his powerful, thick cock, over and over and over. It doesn't! As Aunt Suzy has pointed out, that's not incest; that's just motherly love!"

Susan sighed and clutched her hands over her ample chest, while still facing away. "I know, that's so true. But watch your language. I will not allow the 'C' word in this house."

Katherine blew on past Susan's half-hearted protest as if she hadn't heard it. "You know why that is? Because God isn't cruel. He knows that certain well hung and extremely virile boys just have to cum six times a day - or more - and having all that sperm spill on the ground and get wasted is just wrong. Especially when he has a big-titted mommy and a fuck-toy sister ready and willing to guzzle down his sweet seed!"

"Angel, now you listen to me. It may be true that..." Her voice trailed off as she heard someone approaching.

Alan walked into view. "Hi Mom. Hi Sis. What's up?"

Although he had been peeking, he hadn't gotten a good glimpse of Susan yet, since she'd been facing away the whole time. But now she turned around to look at him.

She was wearing a sexy pale blue nightie. She'd always limited what she did sexually when Katherine was nearby, but after the events of the weekend, that constraint appeared to have gone right out the window. However, the nightgown was still a big surprise for Alan, given the verbal protesting that he'd overheard.

Furthermore, it wasn't just any sexy nightie; it was one that he could practically see through. It was almost as if she were naked, except that somehow it was even more alluring. She'd told herself that since she couldn't aid him physically with his orgasms that morning, she'd have to make up for it by providing him with better visual stimulation.

Eventually, after a very long gaze at her lightly bouncing tits, he managed to look far down enough to notice that she was wearing bright red high heels as well. Hot damn! She's complaining about needing to take a break today, but her nightie and heels give the truth away! Wow!

Given what Susan was wearing, Alan was surprised that Katherine was dressed in ordinary "hanging around the house" clothes and bare feet, so she wasn't such a tantalizing sight. (Katherine's thinking was she wanted to put Susan at ease with her presence enough for Susan to get sexual with Alan. Her own clothes could come off later.)

Susan greeted him with a happy "Good morning, Tiger," and a kiss on the cheek. But that was all. She went back to work in the kitchen, as usual. The conversation he'd walked in on simply ceased, and there was an awkward silence. She'd noticed his erection throbbing in his jumpsuit right away, and that made her feel reluctant and almost afraid (as well as increasingly aroused).

However, Alan wasn't deterred. Thanks to Susan's nightie and heels, plus the conversation he'd overheard, he'd decided to push the envelope.

When Katherine smiled at him and said, "Hey, sleepyhead finally awakes," he turned his attention to her. He French-kissed his sexy sister a little bit while rubbing his hand over her pussy, since that was now

her approved 'attention getting' signal. But he only rubbed her through her clothes; he didn't try to get inside them.

He chose to sit at the counter that divided the kitchen from the dining room, which gave him a good view of his mother's body through her semi-transparent nightie. He considered how to get her to change her mind before she could bring up her latest change of heart.

He came up with an idea, and said, "Mom, you know what? You're always serving Sis and me; this morning I'd like to serve you for a change. Why don't you just sit down and I'll get you a big glass of orange juice? Sis can look after the kitchen for a little while."

Susan smiled, and lowered her guard a little bit. "Why, thank you. What a thoughtful gesture."

Katherine looked at her brother quizzically, but she did as he suggested. She assumed, correctly, that there must be a method to his madness.

Alan got the glass of orange juice and brought it to Susan where she now sat at the dining room table.

"Thanks!" she said as she took a sip. "What a kind son."

Height was essential to Alan's plan. He made sure to stand right next to where Susan was sitting. That put his erection just inches from her face. He was wearing a loose jumpsuit to help hide his erection, but now it came in handy to expose it. He kept both hands in his pockets and surreptitiously pulled the fabric away from his crotch, causing the entire outline of his erection to stand out against the suddenly tight fabric.

Susan was too shocked by what she was seeing to think; she just mumbled, "Oh my!" She unconsciously licked her lips and drew her head closer. Her heart immediately began pounding hard, and her pussy and nipples tingled even more than before.

Alan presenting Susan with the tantalizing outline of his turgid member pressing against his pants

He stepped forward, bringing the outline of his erection to within two inches of her nose. "By the way, Mom, I wanted to thank you for last night. You're such a cool Mom. The way you sucked me off and then let me titfuck you... well, it just made me realize all over again how much I love you."

Susan was speechless. She fumbled to remember whatever it was that she'd planned to say to him, something about reestablishing boundaries. "Well... I..."

Katherine began to see what Alan was doing, and she fully approved. Susan had some shakshuka (a Middle Eastern breakfast made up of diced tomato and cucumber, egg and spices) simmering in a pan on the stove. Katherine turned the heat to its lowest setting, then went back to the dining room.

Standing next to Alan, she said, "Yeah, Mom. I totally agree. That was rad. I mean, it's sad how few mothers realize the importance of sucking off their sons' powerful, demanding cocks every day. Multiple times a day, in fact. But you've seen the light. You've realized that a good mommy knows that her place is naked and on her knees, servicing her son's unstoppable, irresistible, big, fat, tasty cock."

Katherine had recently noticed that Susan really got off on talk about her getting on her knees, so made sure to use that description.

Chapter 489 Cocksucking Time?

Susan was wavering as she kept staring at his bulge. "It is? ... I mean, it is. Right?" She had to lick her lips some more, and she was constantly salivating. She clutched her chest defensively with both hands, but somehow that quickly turned into furtive tit caressing through her thin nightie.

Alan said, "Gosh, Sis, I get really hot when I hear you talk like that. I hope you don't mind, but I've just gotta take my dick out and give it some air." Even before he finished saying that, he slowly slid his jump suit down to let his erection come into view. Had he done it quickly, it would have slapped Susan in the face; that's how close she was. But instead he guided it with his hand and let it rest against her cheek.

Katherine had a wide grin. "No, I don't mind at all, Big Brother. By the way, how was Mom's goodnight kiss last night?"

Alan started slowly rubbing the whole side of his erection against Susan's cheek.

Clearly, it was driving her insane with desire. NO! This can't be happening! Dear Lord, give me strength!

He replied, "Funny you should ask. Mom is such a great mom, but would you believe she didn't give me a goodnight kiss and tuck-in last night?"

"No!" Katherine exclaimed in exaggerated shock. Then she had to stifle her giggling.

Susan seemed to be in a deep trance, hypnotized by the stiff cock slowly rubbing in circles against her face. But she was listening all the while, and she stirred enough to speak up. "Oh dear! I'm so sorry, Son. I thought that after everything that had happened, you wouldn't be up for it." She remembered him being so weary after all their sexual fun that he could barely walk upstairs to his bedroom before falling asleep.

It was true that he had been way too tired for any more sexual play, but now was not the time to admit it. He lied, "Oh no, Mom. I lay in bed with my stiffy poking straight up, hoping you'd come in and help it go down. I just lay there for a while, feeling so sad. I had all that hot sticky goo to share, but no one to share it with. But I was pretty tired and finally I just fell asleep, still waiting for you, Mom."

Susan moaned with lust and need, "Amazing! Oh! Forgive me, please. I didn't know. My son is so virile! How can I deny him anything? He needs SO MUCH help!" She reached up to his boner and caressed it lightly with the tips of her fingers. She smiled contentedly as she rubbed it against her cheek. "Mmmm!"

She glanced at Katherine, and thought, Darn it! If only Angel weren't here! I'd have this glorious cock in my mouth and I'd be fervently bobbing on it, like a good mommy should! As it is, I don't know how I'm going to resist! Mmmm! Oh God! Mmmm! It's just too delicious! Her free hand fondled her big tits even more blatantly while they heaved up and down in time to her heavy breathing. Even her hips were gyrating, because she couldn't keep still in her seat. She had a strangely compelling desire to slide off her chair and drop to her knees.

Katherine grinned down at Susan while she said to Alan, "How tragic. If that ever happens again and Mom is neglectful of her duties like that, just knock on my door, okay?"

Susan spoke hotly, "It won't happen again! I'm not about to let my poor Tiger suffer like that." Her fingers closed around his shaft, and she gave it a few long, loving strokes. But then she glanced up at Katherine, and that gave her the resolve to withdraw her hand back down. However, that wasn't much better, because that hand immediately joined the other one in fondling her tits through her nightie.

Alan smirked. He could sense his mother's willpower was weakening by the second. He tilted his boner up to her forehead and slowly dragged it across it, leaving a trail of pre-cum along the way. "Thanks, Mom. And thanks, Sis, for the offer. I'm sure I'll take you up on that sometime very soon. Did you both know I even thought about masturbating?"

Just a few minutes earlier, Susan had been suggesting that Alan needed to go back to masturbating, but now she gasped, "Oh no! That's so wrong! Terrible!" She nearly went cross-eyed as she watched his firm cock slide ever-so-slowly alongside her nose.

"I was thinking of you, Mom. You know how much I love your lips." He began rubbing his erection right on her lips, going all the way around her mouth.

Susan's willpower broke completely. She moaned, "Oh God!" She closed her eyes and began flicking her tongue at the cockhead that was so maddeningly close. But occasional tongue-touching wasn't enough for her, so she grabbed his shaft with both hands and fed it into her mouth.

She moaned loudly as his thickness stretched her lips wide. "MMMM!" God help me, but I love it! I love it too much! And hearing about Tiger lying there in bed last night, wishing I'd come in and give him a good cocksucking, oh, it breaks my heart! I'm going to make it up to him right now. I can't help it if Angel is here. In fact, it's only right that I'm humiliated a little bit. That's my punishment for neglecting him so badly.

She began sliding her lips back and forth with tight suction, and using a lot of talented tongue work at the same time. Oh God! Mmmm, YES! Oh, so delicious!

Her cheeks turned red as she thought of Katherine staring at her, but her humiliation only heightened her arousal even more. She had both hands on her son's cock and balls, and tried to thoroughly cover them so Katherine couldn't see much. But that didn't stop her from fondling with her talented fingers.

Over Susan's closed eyes, Alan and Katherine silently high-fived each other. They both knew that the more Susan's willpower broke down, the more sexual fun the three of them could share in general.

But Katherine wasn't done. She said, "Boy, Mom, you're really naughty today, aren't you? Brother, before you came in, did you know she was kidding me about not sucking you off for the whole day? You were just kidding about that, right Mom?"

Susan's mouth was completely stuffed with cock, but she managed to moan, "Mmmm. MMMM!" It was halfway between agreement and ecstasy.

She realized with a start, Oh Dear Lord! Tiger doesn't have to go to school today! Now that I've lost my resolve, I could spend the entire day naked and kneeling, with a great big cock shoved down my throat! Oh God! That thought was so exciting that she very nearly climaxed without touching herself at all (since she had both hands on Alan's privates).

Katherine said, "What a relief. However, she's cocksucking while sitting, like a lazybones. Mom, why aren't you on your knees between your son's thighs like a good, big-titted mommy should be?"

Susan was a bit miffed that her own daughter was telling her what to do, but being "ordered around" by her was arousing too. Plus, the idea was such a good one that she couldn't resist it. She got on her knees without ever letting Alan's erection slip from her mouth.

The entire process of being "forced" to change positions was so thrilling to her that she came very close to cumming yet again. As her lips slid and her tongue wiggled against her son's shaft, she thought, Dear Lord, please forgive me, but I can't help myself! How can I resist the siren call to drop to my knees?! It's like I belong here, with my son's cock pounding into my mouth! If only I could take my nightie off, but my hands have better things to do. Thank goodness I'm wearing high heels, at least!

While wild electric shocks of pleasure shot from his groin through the rest of his body, Alan thought, Boy, I never realized how domineering Sis could get with Mom sometimes. First last night, now this. This must be a new thing. I wonder how much the pressure from Sis is helping to break Mom's willpower. It looks like we just dodged another bullet. Mom could have been reluctant for days.

He clutched at the sides of Susan's head as another great surge of lust thrilled through his body. Oh man, this feels good! And with Sis watching, no less!

Indeed, Katherine just watched attentively as Susan made love to her son's erection with her tongue and lips. It was such an arousing sight that she wanted to frig herself, but she decided not to push her mother's limits even further. She thought, How cool is it that I told her what to do and she did it? Brother isn't the only one who can boss her around some! Sweet! But I've got to take it slow, step by step, so she won't push back too hard.

The three of them continued like that for another couple of minutes.

Katherine occasionally made bossy comments to Susan. Susan would have been annoyed except that she actually liked that. Some were suggestions on how to vary up her cocksucking style. If nothing else, it helped show Susan that her daughter was becoming a talented sucker in her own right.

Other comments from Katherine were just words of encouragement. For instance, at one point, she said, "Mom, do you realize how ridiculously gorgeous you are? Your tits are outrageously enormous and your face is simply remarkable! It's so absurd and wicked and wrong that a woman like you, who could have anyone she wants, has been reduced to fervently slurping and gagging on her own son's cock! For SHAME!"

Susan would have been offended, except that she knew that Katherine knew this was exactly the kind of talk that turned her on in a big way. She was so inspired that she bobbed further down Alan's shaft until she was flirting with choking and gagging on it.

He clutched at her head with both hands, overwhelmed by the intense pleasure.

The fun finally came to an end when the unmistakable smell of something burning filled the air.

"Oh, poo! God, I was enjoying that." Susan abruptly popped the hard-on out of her mouth and looked to the kitchen with worry. "Angel, didn't you say you were gonna tend to the kitchen?"

"Uh-oh." Katherine had put the heat on low, but that only slowed the cooking. She'd forgotten all about it after that.

Alan groaned to himself, Dang! Why does that always seem to happen? Some distraction right as I'm about to blow. UGH! That was so close!

Susan stood up and sniffed the air. "The breakfast! It's ruined." She rushed out to the kitchen with Alan and Katherine trailing behind her. Alan pulled his jumpsuit pants all the way off. Then he held his erection to keep it from bobbing as he walked.

"It IS ruined," Susan complained. "Now I'm gonna have to start breakfast all over again. And we lost a lot of time. Valuable cocksucking time, I might add." She looked over at her son's hard-on with blatant desire.

Katherine pointed out, "Mom, remember, no school."

"Oh, that's right." She tried not to show it outwardly, but her thoughts were triumphant. More cocksucking time for me!

Katherine and Alan sat down on the high chairs at the counter that looked into the kitchen. They winked at each other, glad that Susan hadn't reverted back to her reluctant ways as soon as Alan's dick was out of her mouth.

She looked back and forth between her children. If only Angel wasn't here. I wish I was clever like Tiger, so I could find a way for us to have some special private time. Special and prolonged private time! I could get completely naked - except for my glasses and high heels of course - and suck and stroke and titfuck him until his balls are well and truly drained empty! After neglecting his suck-in time last night, er, I mean his tuck-in time, it's the least I can do.

Alan's dick was still as erect as ever, and completely exposed.

Katherine looked over, noticed, gave him a questioning look, and began stroking him.

Susan, suspecting something like that was going to happen given how aroused everyone now was, paused in her cooking. She walked around the counter to confirm that the squishy sounds she was hearing were what she suspected they were.

Although Katherine could see that Susan was now watching her, she made no attempt to hide what she was doing. In fact, she stroked him even more blatantly, using both hands.

Susan shook her head with disapproval as she headed back to the stove. "Angel, is this going to be your one time for today? Are you going to use it up so early?"

"I guess not," Katherine replied, bummed.

"Well then, stop playing with your brother's penis and eat your oatmeal. Leave that stiff thing for me." She tried to say this in a stern, motherly tone, as if this was the kind of thing mothers usually said to their children.

Katherine immediately complied with the order and let go, so it wouldn't count against her limited quota. She put her hands on the counter so her mother would see.

Susan quickly prepared a new batch of shakshuka and set it cooking, then said to Katherine, "Now keep an eye on the stove from there, and don't mess up or we're all going to go hungry. Okay?"

Katherine nodded. Still, even though she could guess the answer, she asked, "Sure, but what are you going to be doing?"bender

"What do you think?" Susan rounded the counter and made a beeline toward Alan's crotch. "Mommy sees that her cum-filled boy has a big, long, thick emergency. Do you need my help, Son?" She teased, "Is there something I can do with my lips?" She presented her heavy, nightie-clad breasts to ensure his answer, hefting them up slightly from below.

He laughed from sheer happiness. "Most definitely!"

She knelt down in front of him, looking approvingly at his crotch. She felt a thrill race down her spine just from the act of getting on her knees. Then she felt another, even stronger thrill from holding her son's stiff pole.

She said a little prayer out loud. "Dear Lord, thank You for giving me such a handsome, well-endowed son. Bless this blowjob, and may it not be interrupted this time" - she shot a quick, dirty look in Katherine's direction - "and may it contribute to his health and well-being. Amen." She appeared very serious about her prayer.

She belatedly realized that Katherine was watching from just one counter stool away and considered telling her not to watch. But then she realized that Katherine had been watching a few minutes earlier, not to mention the night before, and at other times. She sighed as her fingers started to stroke, like they had a mind of their own. Who am I trying to kid? She's going to see me suck him. A lot! If I have my way, I'll be sucking him not just daily... well, hourly is a bit much. But several times a day, I should hope. And not just five minutes or so, here and there. No way! We're talking prolonged suck-fests! Tiger has incredible stamina. It might make me a bad mother, but Angel is just going to have to get used to the sight of her mother kneeling and feasting on son-cock!

Her fingers were slipping and sliding up and down her son's shaft as she continued to think. And I'm going to have to get used to being watched, and quite often. By Angel, Suzanne, and even Amy. Maybe even all three of them at once, sometimes! I'm one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers now. That's an honor and a responsibility, not to mention a never-ending jaw-busting challenge. Being frequently embarrassed, if not downright humiliated, comes with the territory. I have to buck up and rise to the occasion. Tiger deserves nothing less than the best big-titted cocksucking mommy in town!

Having psyched herself up, Susan leaned in and opened her mouth wide.

But before she could swallow his cockhead, Katherine asked, "Mom, don't you think you're overdressed? A good mommy sucks cock topless, at the very least. Everybody knows that."

Susan would have protested that except that she liked the idea too much. As if she wasn't already naked enough, she slipped her nightgown off her shoulders and pulled it down to her waist. Even though she'd just let go of his boner, she thought, Aaaaah. That feels good! Refreshing. Bracing! I love to be naked for my son. Especially if I can show him my big, round, bare tits, then all is well with the world. I don't know what I was thinking earlier, imagining I could go the whole day without this.

Then she firmly gripped his throbbing pole. She loved that it was wet with pre-cum, and her fingers started sliding like it was too slippery for them to keep still. She gave her son a devastating "come hither" look. "How's that, Son?" She subtly rolled her shoulders, causing her great globes to bounce and sway.

His eyes widened to an almost comic degree. He gulped and clutched at his chest, as if that could calm his racing heart.

She smirked in delight at his reaction. Then, instead of ravenously swallowing all of his cockhead, as usual, she teased him by simply placing the tip of her tongue on the tip of his erection.

That alone sent shivers through Alan's body like bolts of electricity. He simply could not get over how hot and sexy his mother was looking and acting lately, never mind his sister as well.

Susan, too, couldn't get over her son. Just touching his cockhead with her tongue nearly sent her over the edge. She started just swirling her tongue over his cockhead, but she was too cock-hungry to tease him for long. In less than a minute, all of his cockhead and then some was inside her mouth. He stood there, unmoving. But she made up for that by sucking his boner with a hungry passion, not to mention very powerful suction.

Susan topless, sucking Alan's cock, while Katherine smiles over her shoulder from behind

She felt more boundaries of decorum start to crumble. Being topless is liberating! I feel so free! It's like I'm putting my whole body into it, now. I don't really care if my daughter sits watching only a few feet away, as long as I get more of this cock! I don't mind if she notices the way my big tits are constantly swaying and jiggling. She needs to learn how to be a good sucking sister. In fact, I have to admit that it makes me downright hot that she's here. So hot! She swiveled his stool and moved with him so that she'd be able to occasionally watch Katherine as Katherine watched her.

Not surprisingly, Katherine made no bones about staring very blatantly. In fact, she spent as much time staring at Susan's bouncy chest as at the blowjob. She actually walked all the way around Susan, staring at her from every angle.

That just made Susan's lust for her son burn even stronger. She slid her lips along his shaft with greater vigor, until she was occasionally gagging on his cock as it went a bit too deep. Hearing her own gagging noises drove her absolutely wild, causing her to suck ever harder and faster.

Alan had been doing pretty well holding out in the face of such great stimulation, but he was forced to start clenching his PC muscle. Soon, he was locked in a desperate battle not to cum. The pleasure was simply too intense!

Sensing that Susan's willpower was gone, at least for now, Katherine stripped down until she was topless too. She also felt great relief upon being able to do that. She was tempted to go further, but since Susan still had her nightie bunched up around her waist, she decided to wait.

Alan's PC muscle clenching was helping him endure the lust onslaught much better. But still, he was forced to close his eyes to cut down on the visual stimulation. Then, after another minute or two, he had to hold Susan's head in place to get her to slow down. Once she did, he thought, Aaaaah! That's perfect! I swear, I could go like this all day long. And since it's a holiday, maybe I can. Man! The mind boggles!

A couple more minutes passed, and he hadn't heard a peep from Katherine. So he dared to take a quick peek. He regretted that immediately. She was sitting in a spot where she had a great view of the blowjob, but Susan couldn't easily see her. As a result, she'd dared to pull her shorts down, and she was busy fingerfucking herself.

Alan immediately shut his eyes tight and told himself to keep them that way. He was dangerously close to the edge.

After a while, Katherine had a quiet orgasm of her own. Once she recovered, she stood up and said, "Wow, this is so cool that I get to watch to my heart's content. Better than any porn! In fact, we should totally record this. Mom, do you mind if I go get the camera? Or, better yet, the video camera!"

Susan found herself unable to stop her sucking long enough to respond. She tried to bob her head sideways instead of up and down to indicate her rejection of that idea, and she attempted to make some disapproving noises. But she was so aroused that they just came out like her usual lusty "Mmmm!" moans.

Katherine could tell that Susan was embarrassed by the camera idea, but she pretended that she didn't realize that. "Hey, just imagine. We could take some home movies along to the next family reunion in Nebraska." Standing in front of Susan now, Katherine motioned as if she were pushing a videocassette into a VCR. "Folks, this next one is entitled 'Susan Shows Her Special Love for Her Son.'" She giggled. "Boy, Mom, can you picture the looks on your sisters' faces?" She giggled some more.

Susan moaned even louder. "MMMM! MMMM-MMMM!" But somehow the idea drove her wild, even when Katherine added, "Just kidding."

By this point, they all were so aroused that it was impossible for Alan to last much longer. In the end, his hips betrayed him. He'd been standing still for a long time, but he started pumping his hips forward and back some, because he was too horny to stop himself. It wasn't quite enough to be called a face fucking, but it was close enough to excite Susan tremendously, causing her to take her efforts up yet another notch. Between the two of them, they lost all control until he started to shoot his load straight down her throat.

While he blasted his cum out, Susan kept right on sucking and sucking. She was so thrilled when she tasted the sweet cream filling her mouth that she used a hand to play with her nipples until she had a very powerful and excellent orgasm as well. Her entire body actually trembled and shook for nearly a minute!

But that didn't slow her down at all. She kept on sucking with great suction, hoping to give him a climax for the ages. There was so much cum that she simply couldn't swallow it completely. Some of that cum wound up on her face, even dribbling down to her chest. She kept on sucking even after his climax was obviously over. She hoped she could inspire him to stay hard, for another round.

But eventually Alan's penis grew flaccid, causing Susan to finally pull away.

Katherine noticed all the cum that had spilled free, and joked, "Mom, you know what we should call your breasts? Cum catchers!"bender

"Now, Angel, that's rather improper, although today it's totally true." Susan looked down at her bare, cummy melons and smiled. In her mind, all that cum on her skin was a sign of a job well done. "Cum catchers." I like the sound of that! I'll bet it's another reason God blessed me with these big tits. I can't even begin to understand His ways, but somehow my purpose in this life has something to do with keeping my son's cock well drained. I know that now.

But then she looked back at her daughter and tried to act stern. "Please don't make fun of your old mother."

"I'm not making fun of you, Mom; it's just a joke. I think it's great what you're doing."

Susan didn't have an answer to that. Now that she'd cum down from her erotic high, she felt very embarrassed to have Katherine see her like this. But she still felt a lovely orgasmic afterglow, and she was proud about what she'd done. She wore the "personal cocksucker" label like a badge of pride.

Alan slumped dangerously in his stool. He felt like his bones had turned to Jell-O, now that he'd climaxed.

Susan continued to kneel between his legs. She sat silently and brazenly topless for a few minutes, swiping or licking up the cum that had dribbled down her chin while simply recovering. She wasn't resting so much from the exertion of the cocksucking, but from the Earth-shattering orgasm she'd had at the end.

Then, after sending Katherine to check on cooking breakfast, she got to work cleaning Alan's penis and balls.

As she sucked on one of his balls inside her mouth, she thought, I wish I would have known years ago just how much pleasure a woman can get from giving a real man a blowjob. I thought it was all about pleasing the man, and in a way it is, but this morning's blowjob alone was better for me than any real intercourse I ever had with my husband!

She lovingly kissed up and down Alan's flaccid penis. My son. Aaaaah! What bliss. He's so kind, yet so confident. So manly. If only he were more aggressive - more confident, and just a little less considerate. He thrust his hips a little bit at the end there, but that wasn't nearly enough.

I want him to tell me, "Excuse me, Mommy, but right now I'm going to fuck your face." And then he'd just do it without asking, and I'd LOVE it! I always do. After all, I am one of his top personal cocksuckers. I don't mean to be immodest, but I think I'm getting pretty good at this. It's what I do, and I'm only going to get better and better. He should take full advantage!

She switched to sucking on his other ball sack. Mmmm. I even love doing this, when he's fully flaccid. But he needs to treat me like a virile young son naturally treats his big-titted mommy slut. What if I asked him, "Is there anything else you want with that breakfast?" and he replied, "Yes, Mommy. I want to fuck your buttslut ass." Mmmm! Then he'd roughly throw me down and fuck my dirty hole all over the floor, like he was pushing a vacuum cleaner around. Wow!

More time passed. Knowing that Katherine was taking care of the food, Susan continued to kneel there, licking his flaccid penis and/or balls, occasionally gazing up at him with a nearly feral look in her eyes. She was trying to will him to get hard again right away. Her tongue and jaw were worn out from all her licking and sucking, but she didn't care. She craved more of his cum.

He thought, She's just begging for me to fuck her, with that look. Damn! How can I resist? But then later she'd be so regretful, and she'd never forgive me for taking advantage of her in a moment of weakness.

He sighed quietly, What a drag. I hate how Mom keeps blowing hot and cold. You never know when she's gonna go through another one of her guilty phases. How many times will we have to keep pulling her back from the brink?

Susan rarely thought about intercourse with her son. Lately, Suzanne had started getting her thinking about anal sex some, as Suzanne considered that another barrier to be worn down soon. But mostly Susan just hoped for more cocksucking as an end in itself, since she enjoyed it so much.

Alan's penis stayed flaccid, despite all her efforts. So she finally pulled her nightie back up and returned to the kitchen to take over cooking the shakshuka, as if nothing had happened.